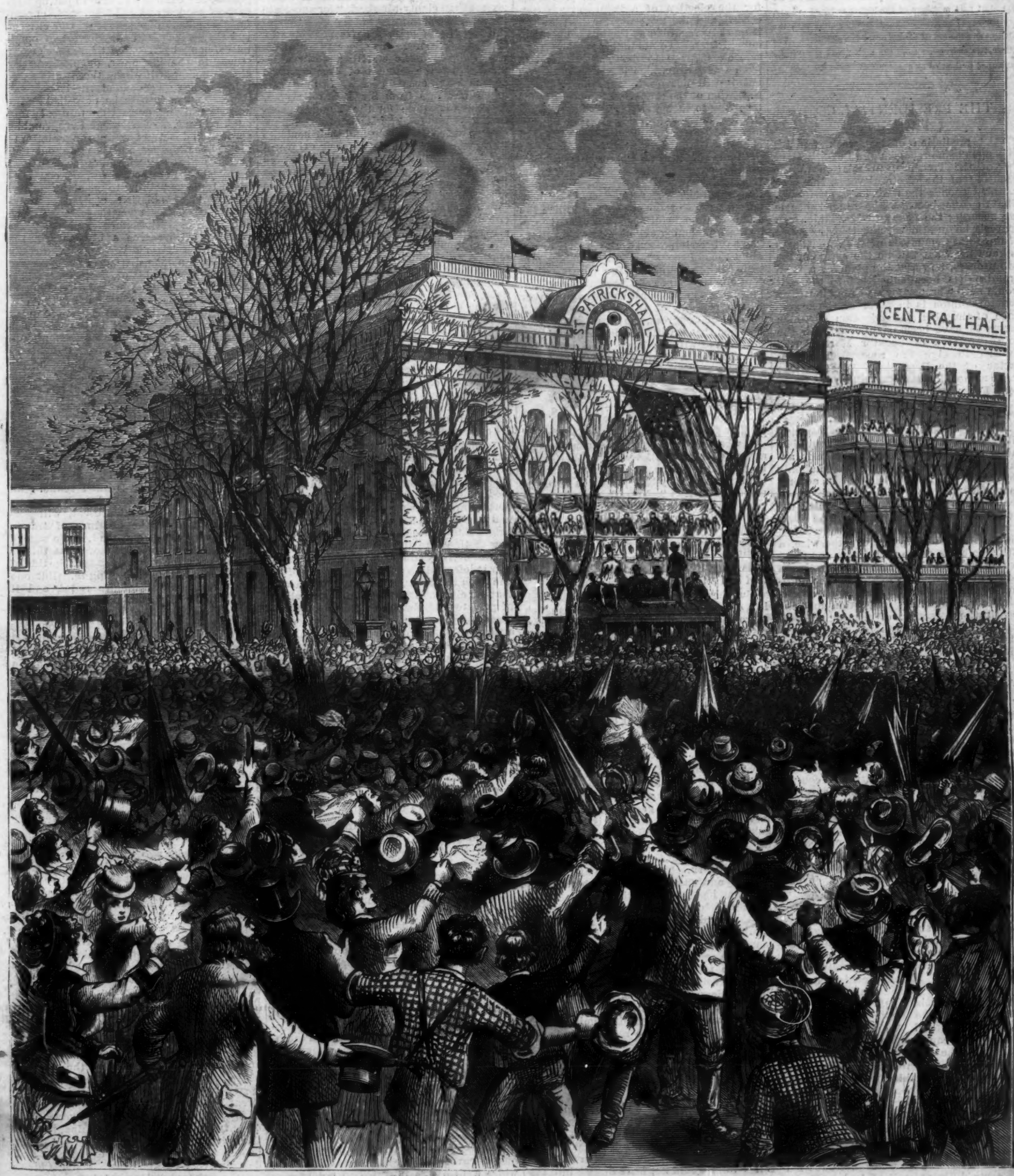
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,114—VOL. XLIII.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1877. [PRICE, 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, $1.00



LOUISIANA.—THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR NICHOLLS, ON THE BALCONY OF ST. PATRICK'S HALL, NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 8TH.

SKETCHED BY S. W. BENNETT.—SEE PAGE 365.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER *is the oldest established Illustrated Newspaper in America.*

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

WE begin this week the publication of an original novel under the above title, which for power and interest has not been surpassed by any serial story that has been presented to the American public for a long time. The scene is laid largely in England, and the personages, for the most part members of the higher order of society, are portrayed by a master-hand, familiar alike with the highest and the lowest phases of human character. The interest is engrossing from the outset, and is skillfully sustained to the closing chapter.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COMPROMISE.

OUR prediction of last week, founded upon some remarks of an ex-Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the counting of the electoral votes, has been justified sooner than we had anticipated. That there has been a well-arranged scheme for securing the count to Mr. Tilden can scarcely be questioned, now that the result of the Joint Committee of the two Houses is known. What will be the action of the two Houses, now that the plan for a compromise has been submitted to them, it would not be proper for us to predict. The general opinion is in favor of the acceptance of the plan, the adoption of which seems to have been unanimous, with the sole exception of Senator Morton, who refused to sign the report. The character of the Republican Senators who were named for the Committee by President Ferry leaves no reason to question the wishes of the presiding officer of the Senate in respect to the matter. He, at least, is quite willing that the responsibility of counting the votes should be taken out of his hands. The plan is, apparently, a very fair one; and the only objection to it is that it is not in accordance with the Constitution, which specifically prescribes the manner in which the electoral vote shall be counted. The selection of four members of the Supreme Court, who shall choose, by lot or otherwise, a fifth member to serve with them, and these five men, with five members from each House of Congress, to determine the question of the Presidential s uccession, is certainly a very startling innovation upon the constitutional method of electing a President heretofore adhered to. But it promises the peaceful settlement of a most difficult question, and therefore it is likely to be acceptable to the people at large.

It is generally conceded that the chances of Mr. Tilden's election are greatly favored by the compromise measure, and as it is approved by the leading Republicans in both Houses, there is no reason for Democrats to complain of it. But the sticklers for a strict construction of the Constitution, who are always in a minority, will complain and object, as a matter of course. The power to decide the whole question will rest with the members of the Supreme Court, for the Joint Committee do not wish to decide it themselves. The four Justices of the Supreme Court who have been selected are all old Democratic lawyers, of whose sympathies there cannot be any doubt. If they accept the duty that has been imposed upon them, they will not be required to act in their judicial character, for that they cannot do, but as private citizens; and as such they have a right to their political prejudices and leanings, and they cannot be expected to act contrary to these convictions from a purely partisan stand-point. If they acted otherwise they would be more than men and less than politicians. It is very clear, therefore, that the Republican members of the Senate and the House who acceded to the compromise plan were quite willing that the decision should be in favor of Mr. Tilden. Whatever their own constituents may say or think of their conduct, in conceding the advantage to the Democratic candidate, it is not for the Democrats to question the impartiality, the purity and the patriotism of their motives.

Desirable as it is that the question of the Presidency should be peaceably determined in favor of Mr. Tilden, we cannot but wish that some different method had been devised for arriving at so happy a result. For, after all, it must be remembered that the plan of submitting a question, which Congress alone had the Constitutional power to determine, to a power unknown to the laws, is establishing a precedent fraught with unimaginable evils. That the compromise is unconstitutional, contrary to all the usages and traditions of the Government, and revolutionary in its character, are points which no one has attempted to deny. If the House of Representatives may thus delegate to a committee of private citizens, elected partly by chance, the most solemn duties it is required to fulfill; if the duties which properly belong to the President of the Senate may be assigned to a committee of wholly irresponsible citizens, what may not be done by a majority of Congress at any time? Surely there has never before been so open a violation of the Constitution, nor so revolutionary a measure received its sanction. If Congress may by a majority vote, or even by a unanimous vote, change the machinery for electing a President, why may it not change the Presidential title, or term of office? It is simply an admission by Congress that the Constitution is a failure so far as its provisions for the election of a President are concerned, and the necessity for disregarding it must be regarded as the pivotal point in our history. We do not apprehend any serious damage to our political system from the strain which it has had to bear; but it will not do to run the risk of a repetition of the crisis. The necessity for resorting to such a compromise only shows the more clearly how essential an amendment of the Constitution in the matter of choosing the President has become.

In one aspect of the compromise there is nothing to be said but what is favorable. It provides a peaceable settlement of a question which has seriously affected the business interests of the country and filled the minds of thoughtful men with dismal forebodings of coming evils. The whole situation has been improved by the reports of the Joint Committee, and a better feeling prevails in the community than has been evident any time since the November election. The indications are all so clearly in favor of the passage of the measure by both Houses of Congress, that it may be safely assumed that it will become a law, and then the course will be open to a peaceable solution of a question that threatened almost a revolution.

THE CHARITY OF BALLS.

THIS is the season of "charity-balls," when in every large city various orphan asylums, children's folds, and other excellent institutions, profit by many a brilliant ball. The charity-ball proper is a recognized institution in New York, and an important event in the society year. The world has never solved the problem of eating one's cake and having it too; but where benevolence comes in the shape of a brilliant assembly at an Academy of Music it is very like giving a beggar a frosted loaf and still having it to eat yourself.

But the system, in all its ramifications, is a commendable one, for it contains much more good than ill. To be sure, it gives a return of enjoyment to the donor, but it turns attention to charity which would otherwise be distracted by the frivolities of the ordinary fashionable season. Church fairs, lectures, charitable performances in theatres, all these, in city and country, draw large audiences, where, without their kindly intent, there would be but half-filled halls. A purchaser of a ticket whose price goes to the poor is, as a rule, a person whose gifts in other forms are the largest and most constant. Otherwise, too, it is well to draw people's attention to the duty of Christian kindness even through the medium of personal gratification. Many a man is benevolent enough if he is only asked to give, who otherwise would keep his pocket-book closed merely because he is not reminded of the opportunity of doing a good work. Charity-balls are strong enough and fashionable enough to stand alone, and people go to them because they neither wish nor dare to stay away; but in the thousand-and-one lesser entertainments throughout the country he is a hard-hearted man who can refuse a bevy of pretty schoolgirls or a grave and courtly old lady, when asked to take a ticket or two for this or that benevolent entertainment. Very likely he considers it a bore, but we are apt to err on the side of giving too little rather than too much; and a gentle reminder that charity is a part of the moral code is not likely to come amiss.

The late Charlotte Cushman used to refuse to act in benefit performances. "If the public," she argued, "wants to give its money to any particular object, let it do so, and not ask me to make the whole gift myself." There is some truth in the argument, ungracious as it sounds, but it is not a flawless one. The thousands of dollars which have been raised for the Brooklyn sufferers this Winter would not have flowed into the coffers of the theatres had they, instead of giving benefits, simply set aside, without previous announcement, the receipts of some equally meritorious performance in their regular round of duties. But no profession is so constantly benevolent as the dramatic; and it is rather hard for the Christian public, or a part of it, to outlaw an honorable body of men and women, following a high calling, merely because there are black sheep among them, and low fellows in their nightly audience. Every great calamity and many a lesser case of destitution is promptly followed by a response on the part of the dramatic fraternity. Let us remember that a gift-horse's mouth should not be unkindly inspected, and that we have no right, as a public, to take a gift with one hand, and strike the giver with the other.

THE PRIVACY OF THE MAIL.

POPULAR indignation was aroused some thirty-two years ago throughout Great Britain by the disclosure that, out of three hundred and sixty-three warrants to open letters issued from 1799 to 1844 by the exclusive authority of Secretaries of State, no less than eighty-nine had, "for uncertain reasons," been granted for the violation of the sanctity of private correspondence by English statesmen. The Secret Committee which reported the startling fact was appointed by the House of Commons on account of an event in 1844. In that year, under warrants from Sir James Graham, Secretary of State for the Home Department, the letters of an Italian refugee were opened at the Post Office, and their contents were communicated to a foreign Government. This abuse of power was regarded as a national disgrace; its victim was hailed as a martyr of Italian liberty, while caricature and satire unsparingly lashed Sir James Graham. His name became odious. Nevertheless, the committee finally reported that the power which he had abused should not be abrogated. This conclusion was logical, inasmuch as the power in question came into use when the Post Office was first usurped by the State. Indeed, it afforded one of the main pretexts for the usurpation, and it will be claimed as long as that shall last. The custom has been justly stigmatized as more fitted for Naples than for the free air of England. But it really belongs to the Government monopoly of the Post Office. That monopoly was created only in the reign of Charles I., and even then it was pronounced by the House of Commons to be unconstitutional, and held by the judges to be void in law. Its evils might well warn Americans against any scheme for creating in this country a similar Government monopoly of the Telegraph, which now supplements, and in a measure supersedes, the Post Office as a medium of communication on the most important and pressing political, commercial and social matters. Without entering at length into a discussion of the points as to how distinct are the provinces of governmental activity and private enterprise, and how indefensible is any encroachment of the one upon the other, it is sufficient to claim that our citizens are entitled to the privilege of private interchange of thought by telegram as well as by letter, and to protection against a liability of having their confidential communications unnecessarily exposed to persons for whom they were not intended. The telegram, the letter and the postal-card, must alike be counted among "the papers and effects" against "unreasonable searches and seizures" of which the Constitution of the United States declares "the right of the people to be secure"—a right which, the Constitution adds, "shall not be violated."

QUICK TRANSIT FOR NEW YORKERS.

IN these long weeks of drift and slush that so heavily tax the energies of the pedestrian and make the horse-car a weariness to the flesh, the thoughts of the wayfarer turn eagerly to the idea of rapid transit. At what period, during the last twenty Winters, has not the same blessed goal of relief been held up to view? Inventors and capitalists have alike held the public ear, and the day of release from captivity to the present slow modes of transportation have been prophesied time and again as very close at hand. All sorts of methods have been proposed. Trains were to start at the Battery or at the City Hall Park. They were to go underground, hidden from sight, or suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. One plan proposed to circumnavigate the island, passing along the river-banks; another was to take the line of Broadway, and have its cars propelled by a blast of air through pneumatic tubes; a third was to pass through the centre of blocks, using the second story for its line of travel; a fourth was to pursue the same course, but were to be half sunken in the ground, being merely covered where it crossed a street; while a fifth was intended to boldly soar above the house-tops, and whirl the passenger to his destination through clouds, fog and chimney-smoke. Let it not be supposed, however, that these were all the plans. A hundred varieties were based upon these ideas. They seem to have resulted in five hundred feet of pneumatic tube buried beneath Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park; an elevated railway, four miles in length, that accommodates a limited number of passengers one-third of the distance to the upper end of the island, and a large double-tracked elevated line that cumbers a few blocks in Amity Street, and has to fight for its every step of advance. These, and the improvements made on the Harlem Railroad for the accommodation of local trains, are all that we have to show after twenty years of agitation for rapid transit. The laurels are not many, nor very luxuriant.

There is no city of civilization so badly furnished with means of quick transportation for people or freight, from one point to another, as this metropolis whose situation has been so highly favored by nature. The most active, inventive and enterprising people in the world, who quicken and enrich all other nations by their inventive genius, are content at home to put up with cast-off modes and old-fashioned, uncomfortable means of existence. Our citizens jam themselves into the slowest of omnibuses, hang by freezing fingers to greasy straps in the horse-car, or plod wearily along homeward when these miserable vehicles have become storm-bound and there is no chance to be propelled by the half-starved horse at the rate of four miles an hour. Arrived home, they grumble, perhaps sit down and write an angry letter to their pet newspaper, and then go about their business next day with a vague idea that somebody — not themselves, of course — ought to do something to mend the matter. Meanwhile, population continues to increase, especially upon the east side. A line of substantial stores and dwellings stretches, with scarce a break, from the Battery to Harlem River, and has already encroached a long distance into what was once the fertile fields of Westchester. This large and industrious population imperatively demands recognition by the city through some well-devised scheme of quick transit. Such a project is easy of execution. It would take but a few months to run a line of elevated rails from the Battery to the Grand Central Depot, following the line of Pearl Street, Chatham and the Bowery, and connecting with the Harlem Railroad. This would bring the large population of Yorkville, Harlem and Morrisania practically down to the doors of the business part of the city. In one year's time it would enrich the metropolis by more than ten times its cost.

It is not to be supposed that any one line, unless it were a four-tracked tunnel road in the centre of the island, such as seems to be impracticable at present, will permanently relieve the pressure of travel. The west side has one road, and a second is already begun. Even more than this is needed upon the east side, where the tide of population is rapidly setting in. But one road would afford infinite relief, and it ought to be forthcoming at once. There will be opposition, of course, on the part of a few crusty property-holders along the proposed line; but no one man, or any set of men, should be allowed to interfere with the comfort and needs of one million and a quarter of population and the millions more who do business here. The descendants of those who derided the steamboat and opposed the locomotive are not to be allowed to block the wheels of traffic. The need of rapid transit is imperative and immediate. Where is the enterprising leader who will be the first to use some of the many millions now lying idle in our banks, to give this boon to the suffering and impatient public?

RELIGION AND RAILROADS.

A FEW weeks ago there was great congratulation indulged in by the friends of progress over the fact that a railroad had been opened in China. The event was considered of such significance that the press of all the civilized world took it up with rapture, and sanguine prophecies were indulged in of the rapid overthrow of Oriental conservatism by the spirit of modern development. But the rejoicing was premature. The apathy little short of aversion towards progress which centuries had been developing in China was not to be overcome by a single master-stroke of the inventor's wand. The Woosung Railway had scarcely been inaugurated before its traffic was suddenly brought to an end, at least for the present, and the passage of trains suspended over its course. A new treaty will, perhaps, be required between Great Britain and China to define the terms on which railway enterprise in China shall be in future conducted. Old China, that is, the official class, represented by the Peking people, would gladly buy up the railway and destroy every vestige of it. Young China, on the other hand, would be content to accept the situation, provided it were

allowed to substitute Chinese for European management in localizing the dangerous novelty. The pretext for suspending the railway was characteristic of China and its strange methods of action. A Chinaman was persuaded to lie across the tracks and be killed for a consideration. A popular outcry was immediately raised, and the mandarins stood forward as the champions of the Chinese race against the diabolical inventions of outside barbarians. The fact is that the Chinese Government is in such a critical position, that it fears more than ever the substitution of the civilization of the West in place of its own wornout maxims and political life. China at the present moment is honeycombed by secret societies, whose avowed object is the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and the substitution of a kind of Christianity in place of the religion of the Buddhists. The old Taeping movement is anything but dead, and the late onslaught on the French Roman Catholic missionaries was connected with a belief that they had been instrumental in keeping alive the movement which so nearly succeeded in subverting the present form of Chinese Government. Hence the revived distrust of European inventions in China. Railroads may have very little to do, in the abstract, with either Roman Catholic missions or Chinese converts; but anything that draws the attention of the Chinese multitude outside of mandarin influence is regarded as dangerous to China, to its child Emperor, and the intriguing mandarins who virtually govern the empire and drain its life-blood for their own private advantage.

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

THE formal investment of Queen Victoria with the title of Empress of India took place on January 1st with splendid ceremonies. The weather was beautifully clear for the occasion, notwithstanding the proverb that it always rains at Delhi on the first of the year. All the paraphernalia of royalty and imperialism, of civilization and of semi-barbarism, were brought into play to heighten the effect of the ceremonies. Chiefs, khans, governors, foreign consuls, and British and native soldiers, made up a conglomerate gathering on the plain near Delhi, to which unique brilliance was contributed by the presence of large numbers of gaudily trapped elephants and camels, quaint vehicles, and a kaleidoscopic variety of colored costumes. The Governor-General appeared on the scene about noon, and ascended to a throne erected on an enormous dais surrounded by circular rows of seats. He was preceded by the chief herald and trumpeters. Lord Lytton wore the robes of the Grand Master of the Star of India, and two pages bore his train. A brilliant staff followed. As he ascended the steps the bands played a grand march and then the national anthem. Taking his seat, the Viceroy opened the proceedings by commanding the chief herald to read Her Majesty's announcement of her assumption of the title of Empress of India. The herald falling back, Mr. Thornton, Foreign Secretary, advanced, and read an Urdu translation of the proclamation. There was again a flourish of trumpets, and the royal standard was hoisted at the entrance of the amphitheatre. The troops saluted it, the artillery firing thirty-four salvoes of three guns each; after which two long lines of infantry fired a *feu-de-joie*. This was twice again repeated, after which Lord Lytton again came forward and read a speech, which, it is agreeable to note, was received with feelings of pleasure and surprise, for it enunciated none of the almost revolutionary measures and opinions which had been looked for. In fact, it announced only one novelty—namely, a creation of a new order of knighthood to be called the Order of the Indian Empire. The National Anthem was again played, the troops cheered, and Lord Lytton declared the proceedings ended, and at once left with the same state as he had arrived.

So terminated the formal ceremony by which the people of India paid their homage to a distant sovereign, and the question is already beginning to be asked, What will come of it? The satisfaction evinced by the native princes at the adoption of the Imperial title must be founded on their belief that it is the one best suited to their circumstances. They like it because it suits India, and is in accordance with their national instincts and traditions. Yet, after all, to the great mass of the people, Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress is a matter of very little importance, for India will continue to be governed as well or as ill as she was, and it is not usual for a change in the titles of a sovereign to lead to a change in the principles of his government. However, considering the storm of abuse which arose in England when Mr. Disraeli announced that Her Majesty had been advised to assume the sonorous title of Empress of India, that minister has reason to congratulate himself on the success of this measure. It was under a Tory administration that the East India Company was abolished in 1858; and it was a Tory administration that carried out the original idea of unification, and made an empire out of the numerous tributary States which owed allegiance to Great Britain in the Dekan Peninsula.

MARKET REFORM NEEDED.

THE condition of the public markets is a reproach to the City of New York. They are badly constructed, generally in a dilapidated state, and totally inadequate to the purpose for which they were intended. Most of them were erected at a time when the population was comparatively small, and confined to that part of the city which lies below Canal Street, and thus they have come to be almost out of reach of the masses. The old "Fly" market, at the foot of Fulton Street, on the East River, and the Washington Market, which was once known as the "Bear" market, were in their prime nearly a century ago, and should have been moved up-town long since. The few markets built nearer the present centres of population are inadequate for their purpose, and the masses of the people are left to the mercies of the small shopkeepers and retailers.

There seems to be a fixed idea among our butchers, hucksters, and dealers in various lines of provisions, that dirt is inseparable from a market. Accordingly the streets in their vicinity, and the passageways between stalls and stands, are kept in a condition alike offensive to the nasal organ and the eye. Yet this ought not to be. In other cities the markets are models of cleanliness. In Baltimore and New Orleans a visit to the market is not an object of dread, but a source of pleasure. When the tourist lands at Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica, he is promptly escorted to the public market as one of the show-places of the colony. Its tiled floor, from which springs the graceful iron shafts that support the slated roof, its marble stands with iron columns, the central fountain that cools the atmosphere, the uniformed and attentive special police, and the universal air of cleanliness, make a picture of which the people have reason to be proud. It affords a marked contrast with the sights the traveler has seen at the food centre of the great commercial emporium of the New World. Yet the natural advantages for cleanliness are all in our favor, and a part of the wealth of the city could not be expended more for the benefit of the masses than in the erection and care of suitable market-buildings. If these were provided they would not merely be an ornament to the metropolis, but they would also be the means of cheapening food and bringing the large dealer into close connection with the masses.

This is a matter which is clearly within the province of the local authorities, and in fact they are responsible for the present condition of affairs because they receive and expend the revenues of the markets. If the city would build spacious markets at convenient points, would submit all the meat and food there received to a thorough inspection—such as is made, for instance, in Paris—people would not only be able to depend on the quality of their purchases, but they could buy at a much smaller figure than now. As it is, the poor pay two prices for their food, and are completely at the mercy of the middlemen, while the rich are deprived of the facilities for selection which an extensive system of markets would give them. It is not a very pleasant retrospect to look back upon the history of our public markets for a hundred years and find that they have made no advance in that time. Is it to be the same for another century? If so, the prospect for the housekeeper of the future will not be very inviting.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

GREECE ARMING.—In Greece (says a letter from Athens, December 23d) nothing is talked about but a general armament by sea and by land. To carry out this idea, permission to effect a loan for nearly £2,000,000 sterling has been granted by the Chambers. Whether the Greeks will have the courage to march into Thessaly remains to be seen.

THE VERMONT CENTENNIAL.—On January 10th the corporations of the Bennington Battle Monumental Association elected Governor Horace Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, President. It was resolved to secure an appropriate celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, August 16th, 1877. It was also resolved to recognize the year 1877 as the centennial of the existence of Vermont as an independent State.

THE SLATE FIEND.—A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Dr. Slade, despite his ill-usage by a British jury, has been warmly taken up by sundry high personages in London, including H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and her sister-in-law, Lady Archibald Campbell, a pretty Manchester heiress, at whose house in Beaufort Gardens Slade is holding *séances*. No doubt our excellent Mr. Pierrepont will return to his first love when he finds tea-kettles so much esteemed by the caste of "dear Lady Mary."

RAILROAD RESPONSIBILITY.—The United States Supreme Court decides that land-grant railroads are not bound to transport the troops and property of the United States free of charge; that they are only to allow the Government the free use of their tracks in return for the grants, and that they are each entitled to compensation for all such transportation they have performed, excepting the carrying of the mails, subject to a fair deduction for the use of their roads. This reverses a judgment of the Court of Claims.

ICE-BOUND TARS.—There is, at present, much distress among sailors in this port. For the past few weeks there has been but little doing among shipping, vessels being icebound in the harbor. Sailors, and especially British sailors, are only too ready to desert their ships upon reaching a port, although by so doing they forfeit two month's wages. They quickly run through the balance, and, in times of stagnation like the present, are soon reduced to a miserable condition. These desertions are encouraged and mainly caused by the swarms of boarding-house runners, who board incoming vessels as soon as they pass Quarantine.

OCCUPATIONS OF IMMIGRANTS.—The report of the Bureau of United States Statistics shows some interesting facts in regard to the occupations of the 190,000 immigrants who landed here in one year. There were among them 39,000 laborers (nearly one-quarter of the whole number unskilled labor), 14,000 farmers, 6,000 female servants, 4,500 storekeepers, 2,700 farm laborers, 2,600 carpenters, 2,000 miners, 1,700 masons, 1,200 mariners, 950 tailors, 900 shoemakers, 800 blacksmiths, 700 fishermen, 640 bakers, 560 servants, 556 engineers, 520 butchers, 416 clergymen, 385 musicians, 177 physicians, 168 teachers, 156 barbers, 32 surgeons, 3 chimney-sweeps, 2 statesmen and only one undertaker.

THE LASH IN VIRGINIA.—According to the Baltimore *Sun* it appears likely that the lash and the whipping-post are to resume their ancient place in the criminal code of Virginia under the labors of the Committee of Revision. It is believed that this punishment is not merely the most appropriate and effective for petit thieves and other minor offenders, but that it is the only available means of preventing an overflow of the penitentiary by substituting it in various cases for confinement in that institution. The lash, in fact, has never been formally abolished in Virginia, and is now in not unfrequent use in several cities and counties of the commonwealth, being impartially administered to white and black alike.

JEWISH PERSECUTION.—Particulars of the new persecution of Jews in Roumania are telegraphed from Pesth. At Bucharest, hundreds of Jewish families arrive daily, in great distress from the barbarous treatment which they have received in the Baslui district. They implore the authorities to allow them time, if only to remove their goods and chattels; but all their entreaties are in vain, as it is said they are refused in all cases. Many instances are quoted of houses broken into, and wholesale plunder going on to a large extent. It is heartrending to behold the utterly helpless state of these people. At the Ministry no one will listen to them, but the Austrian Consul is doing all in his power to alleviate their suffering.

THE SIOUX WAR.—General Miles has returned to Tongue River cantonment with his little command, after a very successful campaign against Sitting Bull. The command numbered 439 men. It marched over 300 miles in forty-five days, defeating Sitting Bull in three engagements, and driving him back, routed and demoralized, to the Yellowstone River. Crazy Horse is in the Big Horn country with an immense camp of hostile Cheyennes and Ogalallas. General Miles was compelled to return for supplies, but will shortly start out again on the trail of Sitting Bull, and, if possible, prevent his junction with Crazy Horse. Dispatches received at Washington indicate that Sitting Bull has gone across the British American border.

SIX TONS OF GOLD COIN.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad coach No. 277, which arrived at Jersey City, January 15th, bore $3,000,000, in $20 gold pieces, the whole weighing six tons. The precious freight left the Sub-Treasury of San Francisco on Monday of the previous week, coming *via* Chicago and Washington, a quick passage in view of snow blockades. The gold was contained in fourteen iron safes, and was accompanied by eight clerks of the Treasury Department, and Captain George F. Price of the Fifth cavalry, and eight selected men forming the guard, the whole being in charge of an agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The gold was deposited in the Sub-Treasury of this city.

THE TURKISH CONFERENCE.—On January 20th the Eastern conferences came to an end, the representatives of England and Russia formally withdrawing from any further attempt to "settle" the Turkish question, and the Sultan resolutely accepting the work of settling it himself. Whether the Turk has taken this decisive stand in reliance upon himself alone, or after a secret understanding with Austria, is a secondary question. He has taken his stand, and the primary question now is, "What will Russia do about it?" All the signs indicate that she will diplomatize about it, at least for a season, the Winter favoring her in this, as well as the general desire of all the European powers, except, perhaps, Germany, to see the evil day of a great military collision pushed as far into the future as possible.

THE VIRGINIA LINE.—The Commission selected to decide the long-disputed question of the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, consisting of Jere S. Black, of Pennsylvania, Commissioner on the part of Maryland, and James B. Beck, of Kentucky, Commissioner on the part of Virginia, and Charles J. Jenkins, ex-Governor of Georgia, umpire, have filed their award in the Executive Department at Annapolis. Maryland is awarded sovereignty over the whole of the Potomac River to its southern bank, except that Virginia is to have domain over the soil to low-water mark on the north side of the river, and to such use of the river beyond low-water mark as may facilitate the full enjoyment of her riparian ownership without interfering with navigation or with Maryland's proper use thereof. The line as established across the Chesapeake to the Atlantic gives Maryland valuable oyster-beds on the east side of Tangier Sound and the north side of Pokomoke Bay, which have long been a matter of controversy between the two States and of collision between their oystermen. Senator Beck, acting on the part of Virginia, agrees with the majority as to the rights of Maryland on the Potomac, but differs as to the line of division between the mouth of the Potomac and the sea in the locality of points called for in the charter to Lord Baltimore.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Grand Jury of New York presented a bill to make pool-selling a misdemeanor.

DANIEL MARCY received the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Hampshire.

DR. PHELPS was released from custody for alleged complicity in the Bennett-May duel.

THE Executive Committee of the Western Union Telegraph Company was summoned to Washington.

MR. COWDIN'S resolution providing for a thorough financial reform in New York City was adopted in the Assembly.

THE compromise plan for counting the electoral votes was reported in both Houses of Congress, and met with general favor.

FUNERAL SERVICES were held on the 19th over the remains of nineteen of the unrecognized victims of the Ashtabula bridge disaster.

A GOLD CHECK for $64,225 on the Union Trust Company of New York was paid, and Horace E. Brown arrested and committed on a charge of having forged it.

CHIEF ENGINEER COLLINS, of the Lake Shore Railroad, committed suicide on the 19th. It is thought that the Ashtabula disaster had produced mental aberration.

SENATOR ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, was taken suddenly ill on the 20th with what appeared to be a stroke of paralysis. He had eaten heartily of partridges fed on laurel leaves.

SITTING BULL'S camp was again defeated at the head of the Redwater, on December 18th, by three companies of the Fifth Infantry, under command of Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin.

DEPUTY-SUPERINTENDENT MCCALL reported that the officers of the Security Life Insurance Company had committed fraud and perjury, and that the assets were less than fifty per cent of the liabilities.

TWO OF the members of the Louisiana Returning Board were arrested in Washington, and a Sergeant-of-Arms was sent to New Orleans for the other two, the House having ordered the arrest for contempt.

THE increase of frauds upon the revenue by whisky distillers and tobacco manufacturers has become so great in the South that orders have been issued for the co-operation of the army with the Revenue officials.

THE suit of the Government against the Centennial Board of Finance for the recovery of the appropriation of $1,500,000, was decided in favor of the latter by Judge Strong, of the United States Circuit Court, at Philadelphia.

DURING the week ending January 20th gold varied as follows: Monday, 105½ @ 106¾; Tuesday, 106¾ @ 106⅞; Wednesday, 106⅝ @ 106⅝; Thursday, 106½ @ 106¾; Friday, 106⅝ @ 106⅞; Saturday, 106¼ @ 106⅜.

GEORGE F. HOAR was elected United States Senator from Massachusetts, to succeed Mr. Boutwell, James E. Baily in Tennessee to fill out the term of the late Senator Johnson, and ex-Governor Saunders in Nebraska to succeed Mr. Hitchcock.

GOVERNOR PACKARD commanded the Nicholls Government in New Orleans to disperse, and addressed a letter to General Augur. Under orders from Washington the United States troop will preserve the *status quo* until a result is reached by the legal authorities.

IN Congress, Bills were introduced, on the 16th, providing for the coinage of silver dollars to be used in redemption of Treasury notes, and for a new ocean telegraph line. A resolution to arraign the Louisiana Returning Board for contempt was adopted in the House on the 17th. The Joint Committee to consider the best means of counting the electoral votes submitted a report and plan. Mr. Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was released from custody by the House, the Corporation having agreed to produce the campaign telegrams called for by the Congress. The credentials of ex-Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, as United States Senator, were presented off the 20th.

Foreign.

A GREAT famine prevails in Corea, and assistance has been asked of Japan.

PRINCESS MARIE, sister of the Empress of Germany, and wife of Prince Charles, died last week.

A FRESH outbreak of the rinderpest is reported in Germany, and necessary measures have been taken to prevent its spread.

IT is estimated that it will cost $32,500,000 to relieve the famine-stricken people in the districts of Bombay and Madras.

THE German Minister at Pekin is mediating in relation to the dispute about the unsettled claim between Spain and China.

IN the Dominion (Canada) Board of Trade a resolution recommending the establishing of protective duties against products of the United States was adopted.

A GERMAN man-of-war was ordered to cruise along the Syrian shore to protect the colonists at Jaffa, Haifa and Beyrout, who have been threatened by the Mussulmans.

THE Austrian Government concluded a loan of $35,000,000 gold with banks in London, Vienna and Paris, and received preliminary negotiations from Russia to secure neutrality in the event of war.

A MODIFICATION of their terms was submitted by the Powers to the Turks at the Conference on the 15th, on which the Porte reserves its decision. In an interview with the Sultan, Lord Salisbury urged him to accept the scheme. On the 18th the Turkish Grand Council unanimously rejected the terms proposed by the Conference, and adjourned amid shouts of "Death before Dishonor." The Conference broke up, and the ambassadors prepared for their retirement. Baron Von Werther was instructed to defer signing the final protocol until the text had been examined by Prince Bismarck. A further issue of paper money is proposed by Turkey.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 359.



SPAIN.—KING ALFONSO OPENING THE AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS IN MADRID.



SERVIA.—THE BRITISH AMBULANCE TRAIN ON THE MARCH.



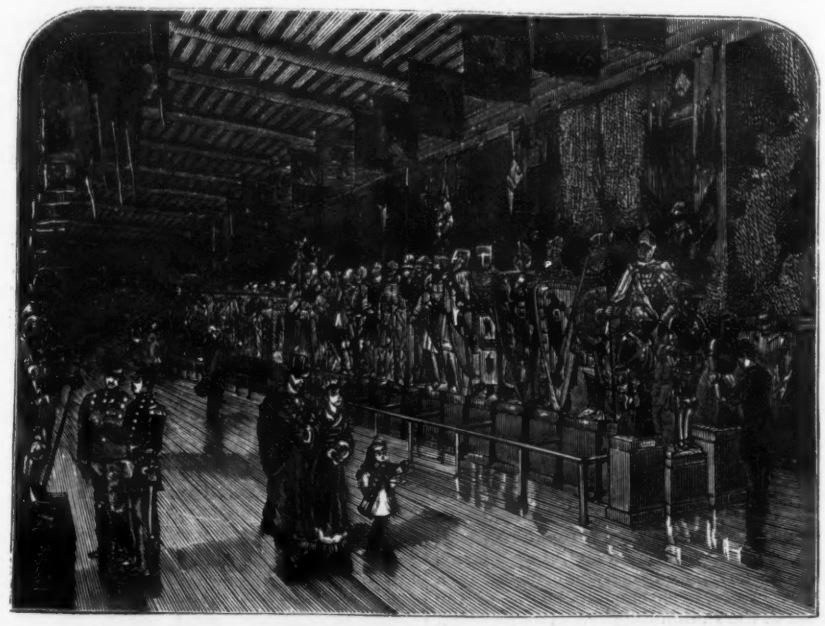
MOLDAVIA.—RUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS AT THE PASCHKANYI STATION.



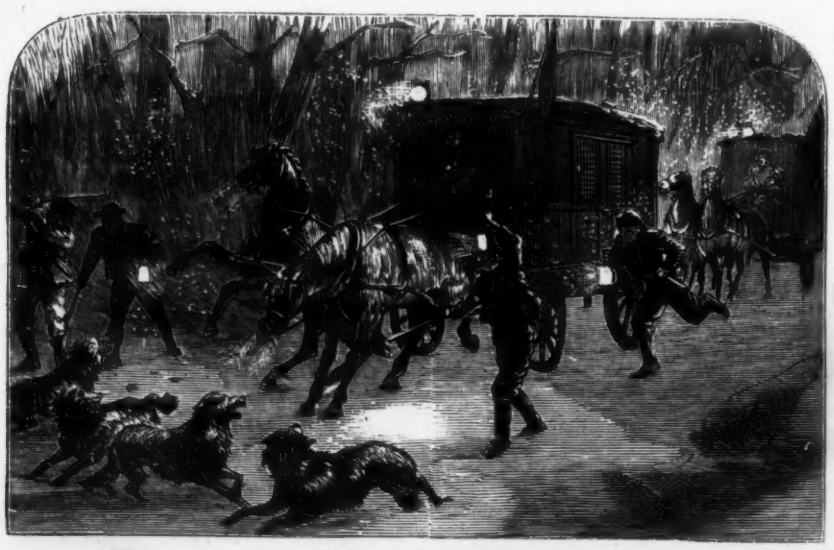
RUSSIA.—A MILITARY SUPPLY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH PODOLIA.



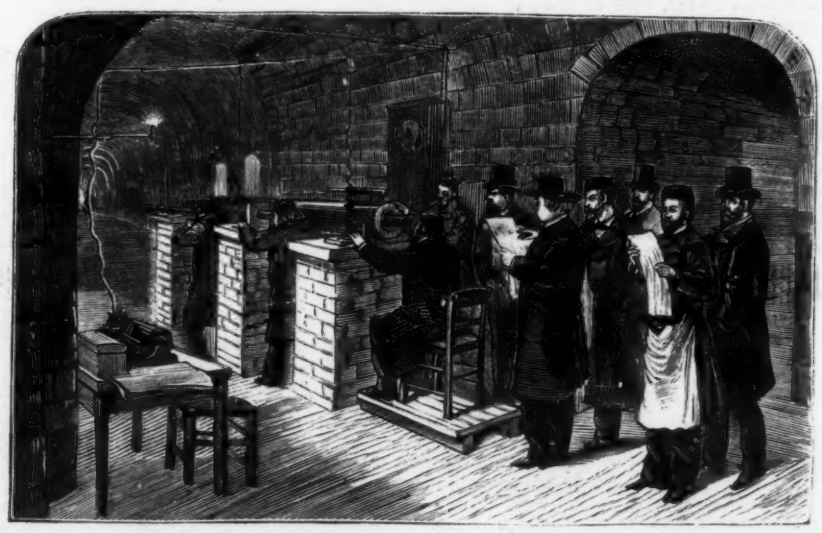
RUSSIA.—THE WINTER CAMPAIGN—THE CAMP AT KICHINOFF.



FRANCE.—EXHIBITION OF MEDIEVAL FRENCH ARMOR IN PARIS.



SERVIA.—THE BRITISH AMBULANCE TRAIN ATTACKED BY WOLVES AT NIGHT.



FRANCE.—ASTRONOMICAL EXPERIMENTS IN THE VAULTS OF THE PARIS NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT NORFOLK, VA.

THE GRAND DUKES ALEXIS AND CONSTANTINE ON BOARD.

BARON NICHOLAS SHISHKIN, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Czar of Russia to the Government of the United States, succeeded Count Catecazy, who held the position for some time previous to and during the last visit of the Grand Duke Alexis. Baron Shishkin is now about fifty years of age, and is a man of extensive diplomatic experience, having held many responsible posts. He was Russian Consul many years ago at Adrianople, and was transferred thence to Belgrade, Servia, where for twelve years he resided as Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent. Early this Winter the United States Minister at St. Petersburg announced that the Czar had informed him that the Russian Mediterranean Squadron had been ordered to this country for several months.

The frigate *Svetlana*, the flagship, of which the Grand Duke Alexis is captain, and his cousin, the Grand Duke Constantine, a midshipman, arrived in Hampton Roads on January 12th, with Admiral Bontajoff, commander of the squadron, on board. It was first thought that the fleet would rendezvous at Port Royal, but the Grand Duke Alexis telegraphed from Madrid that he would sail directly for Norfolk in the *Svetlana;* and in obedience to this dispatch, the steam corvette *Bogatir*, of the Imperial Navy, which had arrived at Charleston, was ordered to sail for Hampton Roads, and the Russian Minister and Rear Admiral A. Crawn immediately proceeded there. As soon as he heard of their arrival, Commodore J. Blakely Creighton, commandant of the Navy Yard, sent his Aid over to Norfolk, commissioning him to invite Baron Shishkin, Rear Admiral A. Crawn, of the Imperial Russian Navy, and Mr. F. Schlardhauer, of the Russian Legation at Washington, to pay a visit of rather a social than an official character. This being accepted, the picket launch went to Norfolk and took these gentlemen over, where they were received by the Commodore, Captain Fillebrown, and other officers of the Yard. The presentation of arms and the hoisting of the Russian ensign on the receiving-ship *Worcester*, and the other usual demonstrations, were gone through with in honor of the distinguished visitors, excepting the firing of a salute of fifteen guns, which was waived. On Saturday morning, the 13th, the *Svetlana* came to anchor in the harbor just below Fort Norfolk, and near the old quarantine ground. She immediately saluted Admiral Trenchard, of the United States squadron, stationed there, with fifteen guns, to which the United States steamer *Powhatan* responded in the afternoon. The Grand Duke came off and paid a visit to Baron N. Shishkin, the Russian Minister; Admiral A. Crawn, of the Imperial Russian Navy; and Mr. F. Schlardhauer, courier from St. Petersburg; and then returned to his ship, after about two hours' absence. The various dignitaries also paid a visit to the Yard, and were received with all the usual civilities by Commodore Creighton and staff. The national flag of Russia was hoisted at the fore of the *Alliance*, and a salute fired.

The corvette *Bogatir*, Captain Chafroff, stopped at Port Royal for coal, previous to steaming to Hampton Roads, and while there a very general interchange of visits of a social nature between the officers of the United States and Russian squadrons took place. Saturday being New Year in the Greek calendar, a number of American officers visited the *Bogatir* to exchange the compliments of the season, and were very handsomely entertained by the Russians.

The Grand Duke Alexis looks about the same as when previously here, excepting that he wears his whiskers somewhat longer. The Grand Duke Constantine, who is a midshipman on the *Svetlana*, is the son of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar and General Admiral of the Russian Navy. He is about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

The Russian party will probably be officially received at the White House. During their sojourn in America, they anticipate a good hunting season.



BARON NICHOLAS SHISHKIN, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

OPENING OF THE LENOX LIBRARY.

ON Monday, January 15th, the Lenox Library was unostentatiously thrown open to the public for the first time. This remarkable building, which has been in the course of erection since 1871, is situated on Fifth Avenue, between Seventy and Seventy-first streets. Its length is one hundred and ninety-eight feet, and it is one hundred and fourteen feet in depth. The modern French style of architecture has been adopted, but the entire exterior of the edifice has a unique and impressive appearance. It consists of two stories and an attic. The building is put up with Lockport (N. Y.) limestone, a material almost equal to granite, and the same kind of stone that forms the top stratum of rock around Niagara Falls. In the two stories of the south wing are situated the library proper and reading-room, communicating by two massive stone staircases, built in the walls. Each of these apartments is one hundred and twelve feet long, and thirty feet wide. The second story consists of two rooms, same size as those on the first, and a hall, besides a picture-gallery forty by sixty feet. In the north wing is the museum and committee-room, and the third story or attic is one room, twenty-four by ninety-six, and used as another picture-gallery.

The trustees of the Library are James Lenox, William H. Aspinwall, Hamilton Fish, Robert Ray, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Daniel Huntington, John Fisher Sheafe, James Donaldson and Aaron B. Belknap. The institution is incorporated by the Legislature, and the trustees received from Mr. Lenox $300,000 and a conveyance in fee simple of ten lots of land on the east side of Fifth avenue.

On the opening day the chief attraction was the collection of works in the Art Department. There were one hundred and thirty-eight paintings, of which thirty-five were portraits. The pictures are almost entirely either American or English, and few are by contemporary or modern artists. The sculptures number fifteen. Any person who wishes to visit the rooms can do so by first applying to the Superintendent, who will, in due course, send the applicant a card of admission. Already there have been numerous requests for admission; but to avoid overcrowding, Mr. Moore issues, in the order of application, only a certain number of cards for the receptions on Mondays and Thursdays, so that although an opportunity to see the collection may be necessarily delayed a week, the enjoyment will be enhanced by the limited number of guests. The Library proper will not be opened for some time, in consequence of the delay attending the arrangement and cataloguing of the books.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

MUSTER OF COLORED MILITIA IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

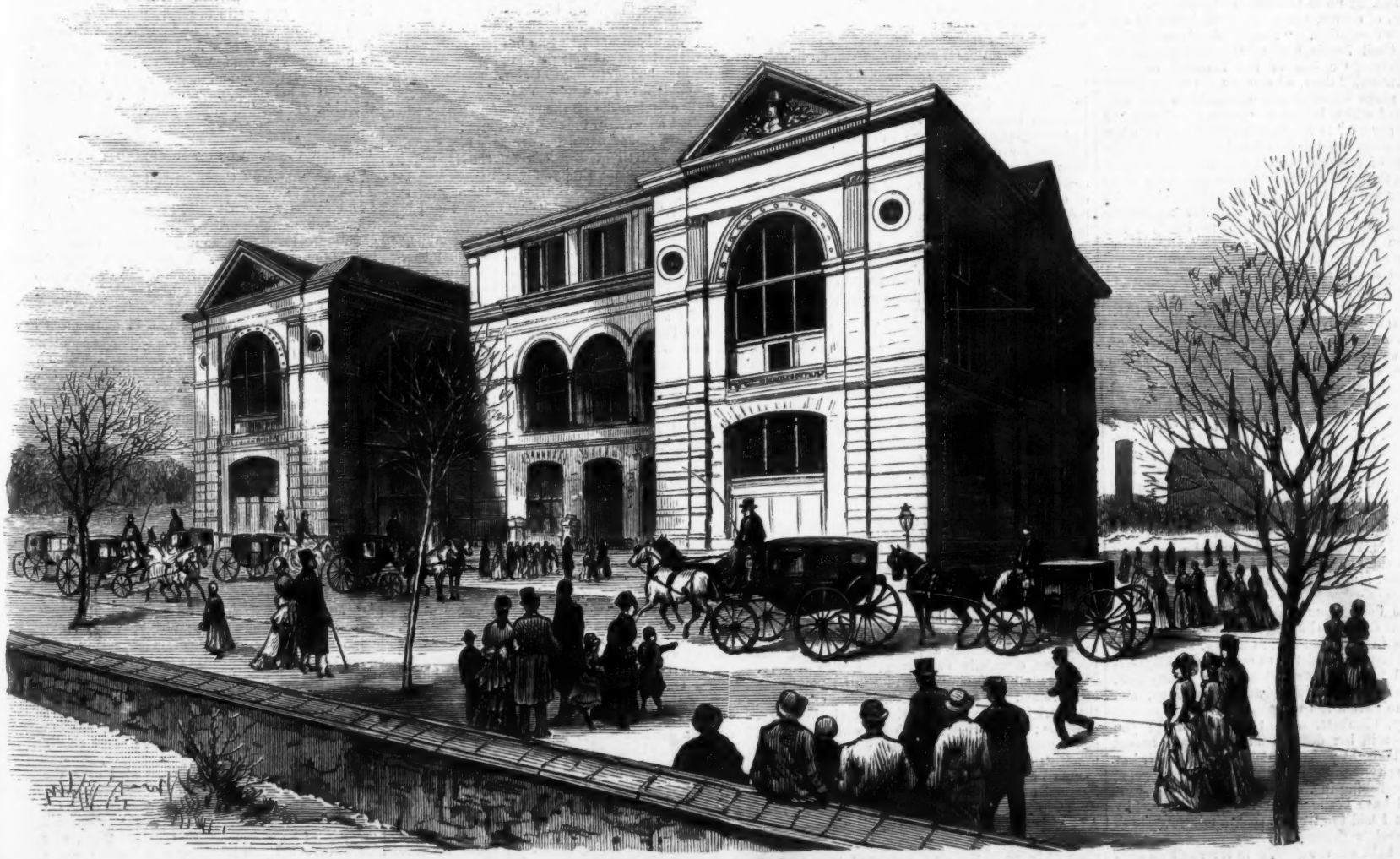
THE negroes of Charleston and vicinity have been in the habit of celebrating the act of emancipation every year since the close of the war. At first the ceremonies were of a comparatively modest character, but since the colored folks attained a large amount of political strength they have continually added to the features of the occasion, until the event now presents an extremely curious spectacle. The State militia is composed exclusively of negroes, who, under the President's proclamation ordering the disbanding of all rifle clubs in the State, and the surrender of their arms, were enabled to maintain their regimental organization, and become a power exceedingly humiliating to the white citizens. The bloody exploits of "General" Morris and "Prince" Rivers, not only in the State but in North Carolina and Georgia, will long be remembered as a fearful result of the granting to ignorant, passionate negroes so much authority, and such complete means to terrorize the intelligent white masses.

This year it was expected that the celebration of Lincoln's act would occur on New Year's, but in consideration of the chaotic condition of affairs at the State capital, the event was postponed to the 8th. While balls, serenades and receptions were common to the day, the great attraction was the parade of the colored militia and fire companies. Here was an opportunity for the gratification of that wonderfully absorbing love of the negro for gaudy colors, for pompous attire, for authority over his fellows. Unlike New Englanders in the old-fashioned "muster-day" jollity, these armed conservators of the peace were most precise in costume, and overwhelmingly proud in girded sword, swinging sash, glittering buttons and majestic chapeaux. The long roll for the assembly was beaten on Citadel Square. Our illustration shows the locality and troops at the interesting time when every one is giving orders and scarcely an officer knows where to place his men. An admirable air of loftiness and importance is depicted on the countenance of the officers, while the men bear well the tediousness of keeping still, in contemplation of the more emphatic glories of their particular field-day.

"UP SALT RIVER."

EXPLANATION OF THE POLITICAL TERM.

THE origin of the expression, "Up Salt River," as applied to a defeated political party, was as follows: "Davy Crockett, the famous Kentucky Congressman, while a Whig candidate, was challenged by his Democratic opponent to meet him on the stump in joint discussion. Crockett accepted, and the day and place were fixed, but Crockett did not appear, and the people, thinking him afraid to do so, rallied for his opponent, and elected him. It afterwards turned out that Crockett, who had started for the place in a canoe propelled by a negro, had been landed in the forest at the headwaters of Salt River by his treacherous guide, who then paddled off down the stream. Crockett was



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE ART GALLERY OF THE NEW LENOX LIBRARY, FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTIETH STREET, JANUARY 15TH.

too good a hunter to starve in the wilderness, but he was totally unable to reach the appointed place in time, and gave it up, and with it his chance of election. Hence the phrase of 'Up Salt River,' meaning that a party is hopelessly defeated." Crockett was, however, more lucky two years after, being elected by a handsome majority.

THE SINGER.

He sat and sang, with downcast eyes,
Of all life's piteous mysteries.
Most wan his face, most sad and keen,
As if he saw a shadow rise
His life and all his hopes between.

He sang at eve, at morn and noon,
With voice that sank and failed too soon,
For who that passed did care to hear,
And such the singer's greatest boon,
Kind hearts to hear and name him dear.

Hé sang of love, and life, and death,
With scornful olangor and low breath;
He reached a hand to clasp and hold
Some soul to heed what his soul saith—
But all passed by him, strange and cold.

None loved him; no, not any one
Of all that sit and laugh in the sun.
What good had he?—not even fame—
That came at last when life was done,
Writ on the world's heart in bright flame.

Oh, blind and cruel! if ye knew
How that great heart did yearn to you!
If, when he stretched out hands for love,
Some one of you had been but true
To the great Name ye whisper of!

Oh, blind and cruel; will ye then
Be always blind? and know not when
Sons of the gods walk humbly near!
Yea, such shall be the world of men
Till Time is done, and Heaven is here.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY

BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE STEPS OF THE CLUB.

It was a dreary afternoon in October. The Autumn had been unusually wet, and away down in the country, amongst the fields and homesteads, was to be heard the grumbling of the farmer over moldy hay and a scanty harvest, that had lain about unhoused for weeks, now drying a little under the hot sun at noon, now soaked again by the steadily descending rain at nightfall. St. Swithin had christened the little apples with a vengeance, and far exceeded the privileges of his forty days.

The luckless sportsman, too, plodding up some clayey fallow or stiff bit of turnips, with his untanned leather gaiters and hobnailed boots, heavy with mud, and followed by his dispirited pointers, grumbled in low, muttered oaths at the general scarcity of game and the wildness of the birds, which required the keenest exercise, first of stratagem and then of patience, as, after a vast amount of circumlocution and trouble, they usually rose in broken coveys, scarcely within shot, and wheeled themselves off to some distant stubble, most likely inaccessible from mud and water.

Amongst the universal complainings resounding on all sides, the sons of Nimrod alone were heard to rejoice. Cub-hunting had begun some time, and the 'young 'uns' were said to be tolerably plentiful in spite of the damp, and there was a pleasant prospect of southerly winds and cloudy skies *ad libitum*, so there was some expectation of things looking up in the country by-and-by.

Town, of course, was in its normal state of out-of-season desolation. "Empty, utterly empty," as honest Cecil Burlingford of the Guards said, disconsolately. On one of the blankest of those blank Autumnal days, when the trees of the damp, dreary parks shivered disconsolately in the wild west wind which brings a "green yule" and "a fat churchyard," as the Scotch proverb says; when the leaden sky hung dark and sullen over the gloomy splendor of deserted Pall Mall, lending a blacker tinge to the time-honored Athenæum, and a more frowning aspect to those great opposition clubs, the Carlton and the Reform, a stranger unfamiliar with the place, and unknown to its *habitués*, stood on the steps of the former club, looking hesitatingly, first at the threatening rain-clouds, and then across the street at the white façade of Carlton junior, rising out of chaos, as he quietly drew on a pair of exquisitely fitting gloves, and then walked slowly away, westward ho!

A young fop, fair, *blasé*, indolent-looking, whose whole air and appearance bespoke him what he was, the last representative of a proud and ancient family, with scarcely enough of the blue blood of his race to warm his languid, delicate body into life, passed the stranger on the steps, and stared boldly at him as he did so with supercilious insolence from under his half-closed lids.

Horatio Plunkett knew all the world and everybody in it, but he did *not* know the stranger standing so calmly on the sacred steps of the Carlton; therefore, it followed, that the stranger could not be in the world, and that is why Horatio Plunkett stared at him as if he had been a pickpocket, or a seedy-looking party who had importuned him to buy cigar-lights in St. James's Street.

At the door he met Cecil Burlingford—every one knows Cecil Burlingford, that handsome young Antinous in the Household Cavalry, standing six feet, and broad-shouldered to match, with his good-tempered face, and tawny beard like a lazy lion. Of course, the two interchanged greetings, and stopped to have a few minutes' talk.

"Why, Plunkett, what the deuce brings you to Babylon in her desolation?" exclaimed honest Cis. "Thought you were doing the 'Corsair' or something romantic down the blue Mediterranean, or salmon-fishing in Norway."

"So I have been-aw, but it was so infawnally slow that I had to give in; such a frightful set of snobs; world's getting horridly worked up—too small to hold all the people in it; can't go anywhere without being jostled by the *canaille;* shall get the governaw to propose a bill next session for restricting the increase of population among the lower classes-aw. But where are you off to, Cis?"

"Nowhere."

"Turn in again then, there's a good fellaw, and tell me the news-aw—banished so long-aw—know nothing-aw. Only in town for one day-aw; going down to Melton to-morrow; sent on fellaw, horses—one or two neat things picked up lately—particularly chestnut; looks as if she could go." And then, after a last stare at the stranger's departing form, through his rimless eye-glass, which he fished out of his pocket and coolly adjusted for that purpose, the Honorable Horatio Plunkett followed his friend into the club, and, throwing himself down in a deep armchair, called languidly for his letters.

"Excuse, old boy, half a moment," drawled he, lazily breaking the seal. "Oh! nothing particular, I see. They will keep," and he put them into his pocket. "Now, then, for the news, Cis."

So honest Cecil good-naturedly ran over all the items of intelligence he knew concerning horses, women, matrimonial scandal, betting affairs, and certain facts kept dark at the Horse Guards, to all which Plunkett listened with languid interest, putting in a word now and then.

"I suppose you know that Kingstown is booked for matrimony at last?" said Cecil. "No? I heard it from Lady Aylesford. By-the-by, they are up in town, or, at least, are passing through on their way northward to the Orkneys, Braemar, or somewhere. Kingstown is going to marry Julia Silvertop, *en revanche* of course, they say, because Lady Diana Charteris has refused him the second time; but Kingstown is too sensible a fellow to do that sort of thing—don't you think so?"

"Can't say," answered the Honorable Horatio, with a scarcely preceptible shrug of his shoulders. "Never professed to understand that affair, unless, indeed, she really has lost her heart to her old *fiancée*, that princely scamp Raikewell Fiennes. Who the deuce does she intend to honor with her hand? Two seasons, and nobody been found good enough—not even a duke. Wonder if the tale that was told in Paris last year was true, concerning a certain crowned head that was supposed to have been turned by her fascinations? But, by-the-by, Cis, while I think of it, who the deuce was that fellow standing on the steps as I came in, smoking a cigar as coolly as if the Carlton belonged to him? If you know him, by Jove! you are wiser than I am, for certainly I never set eyes on him before."

"You mean that handsome, noble-looking man in deep mourning?" said Cis, eagerly.

"Well, I don't know about handsome," interrupted the Honorable Horatio, frowning; "and noble is as one's ancestors have been. I mean that tall, thin, sallow-looking man, with the tremendous dark beard, who was buttoning his gloves on the steps as you came out?"

"No, I don't know him from Adam," answered Captain Burlingford, smiling; "but he is hanging out at Maurigy's, and came late last night. I was having a cigar with Vane when he arrived, and, by Jove! you should have seen his horses. I should say he comes from 'forrin parts'—Russia, Wallachia or the North Pole, perhaps, to judge from the greatcoats and rugs, lined with imperial sables, that I saw being carried in. His valet and a Polish courier, or something of the sort, turned up first with the luggage. Such luggage, too!—must have cost a little fortune by itself—every bit Russian leather, from Vienna, I'll swear, sir! The whole place was redolent of the smell. It's my belief he's a prince *incog.*, if not the Czar himself."

"I hope his father may not have been a tailor," grumbled Mr. Plunkett.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated Cis, "what could bring him to the Carlton if his progenitor was what you suspect?"

"Oh! filthy lucre can do anything nowadays," groaned Horatio. "It would get you into heaven, my dear boy, let alone the Carlton. Goodness knows there's not a more affable and condescending fellow in the world than I am as long as my inferiors keep their places; but to be hobnobbed by the rag-tag is more than I can stand; and, after getting my coat-sleeves dirtied against the plebeian elbows of 'Snob on his travels,' it is hard to come back to England, and be jostled on the steps of one's club by a fellow whom nobody knows, nobody has ever heard of, and whose very name is a mystery, if he has one."

At this moment a quiet laugh, half of mockery, half of amusement, was heard, and the only other occupant of the room threw down the *Saturday Review*, which he had been reading, and rubbed his hands gleefully.

Plunkett and Cis Burlingford had both nodded to him when they entered, and he had nodded back again over the corner of his paper, but since then he had appeared buried in his leading article, and they, intent on their own conversation, had quite forgotten his presence.

"What the deuce are you laughing at, Addingfield?" asked Plunkett, crossly.

"You!" answered the other, with imperturbable good-humor.

Henry Bernard Grantly, Lord Addingfield, was a plain, pleasant-looking man of about fifty-five, of middle height, with scanty hair, with whiskers turning slightly gray, and bright, brown eyes, full of good-humored, dry sarcasm—a man who looked as little like a peer as any person not absolutely a day-laborer, yet one whose unvarying goodness of heart, characteristic feelings of honor, and integrity, made him universally liked and respected amongst his acquaintance. Lord Addingfield had one great hobby, and that was a passion for routing out pedigrees, especially in connection with history. He knew all the county families in Great Britain and Ireland by heart, their private chronicles, their origin, their intermarriages and their *mésalliances*; where they came from, who they were, and how their ancestors had won their spurs hundreds of years ago.

"And may I ask why you are laughing at me?" inquired Plunkett, still more crossly.

"Certainly, my dear fellow," answered Lord Addingfield, while an amused smile shone over his ugly features. "I am laughing because you complain of being jostled on the steps of your club by a man whom nobody knows, when it is simply you who do not know him. The man in point belonged to the Carlton while you were yet in fullest drawers and pinafores, and his father before him."

"Then you can give us some information about this handsome unknown!" exclaimed the guardsman, joyfully. "What a confounded ass I was not to think of you before, Addingfield! I might have been sure that you could tell where he was born, what the parish register said, who gave him a silver mug at the christening, and the date when he first had an egg and bread-and-butter after the measles."

Lord Addingfield smiled rather sadly. "I think I could tell you almost as much as that," he said. "I held him on my knee when he was a baby—such a bonny little chap he was, too. Dear me! how old it makes me feel to think of it—forty years ago, almost."

"Perhaps you will favor us with the name of this august individual-aw," said the Honorable Horatio, who had forgotten his languid drawl for some time, as he was apt to do occasionally, to the amusement of his friends, and had just remembered it again.

"Certainly," replied Addingfield, with a light in his brown eyes that showed he had noticed the fact. "I suppose you have heard of the Fienneses, of Fiennes Court, in Essex?"

"Rather," drawled Plunkett, in an aggrieved tone. "I wonder who has not; they are about the oldest family in England, I suppose. You don't mean to say that that fellow is related to them?"

"Shall I give you that fellow's history drawn up in the graphic style of the 'Shilling Peerage'?" asked Lord Addingfield, in his tone of quiet mockery. "Very well, then: he is Archange Michael Burke Fiennes, Esq.; born in 1824; married in 1857 Adrienne Pia Marie, Comtesse Montfarneska, by whom he had issue two sons; principal seats, Fiennes Court, Essex, Ballacarrick Castle, Connemara, Ireland. Formerly also he belonged to the Club de l'Union, Paris, and to the Carlton and White Hen, but it is now many years since he ceased to be a member of either; to-day he came to visit me. Pray, are you satisfied now, my friend? Does it reassure the sensitive nerves of the Honorable Horatio Plunkett to learn that the 'fellow' whom nobody knows has the best blood in all England in his veins, and that from his earliest youth he has been accustomed to breathe the holy atmosphere of the Club de l'Union, in company with the Rohans and Polignacs, the Talleyrands and the Riquetti de Mirabeaux?"

"Certainly," replied Plunkett, haughtily; "but still I should like to know how the deuce you make out that the old family property is in the possession of this man. My father and the old suzerain knew each other well twenty years ago, Mr. Fiennes had then an only son, who I presume was also heir, the estate being strictly entailed, and having passed in a direct line from father to son for I don't know how many centuries. Raikewell Fiennes is still in this sublunary world, I believe, although he has disappeared from our hemisphere."

"Yes; hanging about the gaming-tables at Homburg and the Bads, with scarcely a shirt to his back; a man with bluer blood in his veins than half our old nobility, a man whose forefathers contemptuously refused the noblest titles a king could confer, whose motto, in spirit and in act, like the Rohans', was, '*Roi ne peut, prince ne daigne.*' Rohan was a man who began life with the fairest prospect before him of honor, wealth and happiness, affianced as he was to Lady Diana Charteris, the most beautiful woman in England, I suppose; and now what is he? A ruined gambler, penniless and homeless, obliged to fly the country on account of his debts; a high-born blackleg who has trailed his ancient name through the mire; a shameless *débauché* whose sinister name has power to blight the character of any man who dares to associate with him, and even to meet the glance of whose evil eyes is death to a woman's reputation."

"He certainly did go the pace *ad infernos* rather rapidly," answered Plunkett, musingly; "rode as gentleman-jockey against Fortune in a steeplechase to the devil—that is how Eugene Sue puts it, is it not? It is a pity, for I have heard my father say that he was a genuine Fiennes, remarkably handsome, and as haughty as the King of Evil."

"I should think he bears a great resemblance to his Infernal Excellency in more ways than one," answered Lord Addingfield. "It is quite certain that his conduct was the death of his father; the grand old suzerain could not bear the weight of his ruin and disgrace, and the cutting-off of the entail killed him at once. Happily, however, when Fiennes Court was at last in the market, Michael Fiennes, who was Raikewell's first cousin, and had been abroad all his life, stepped in and saved the old family property from being torn to pieces. He had bought up all the mortgages, and took the place just as it stood—plate, linen, pictures and everything. I suppose he has just come home to take possession; if so, this event will no doubt cause a great sensation in his county, as the court has been shut up for about fifteen years."

"You say that Mr. Fiennes has been abroad all his life," said Horatio Plunkett; "of course, that accounts for my not knowing him."

"Yes, he is almost a foreigner," answered Lord Addingfield. "In his life and manners, and even accent, you at once perceive that he has spent little of his time in England. He lived a long while in Ireland, however, at Ballacarrick Castle, a dreary, ruinous old place, full of ghostly stone passages, rats and worm-eaten tapestry, very much like Peel Castle in the Isle of Man, only that it was just habitable. On one side stretched the mighty Atlantic, and on the other about thirty miles of bog and mountain in every direction, with not a single house within a day's journey, except the wretched mud-huts, scarcely habitations, of the peat-diggers, and those respectable worthies engaged in the manufacture of contraband whisky (potheen, as they call it). I used to go and stay with him and his father sometimes, but the awful solitude of Connemara was almost too much for me. They did not often stay at Ballacarrick, however, but spent a great deal of time in Paris, and traveling about. There are few men who have seen more of the world than Michael Fiennes."

"And where did he pick up his Polish comtesse?" asked Cis Burlingford. "I always feel so deucedly sorry for that unfortunate country—the women are so pretty, with their dark eyes and fair hair—queer combination—and the men such gallant, chivalrous sort of fellows."

"Oh! he met her in exile at Paris; her husband had been sent to Siberia on the charge of conspiracy, and had died there of despair and privation, hard labor in the lead-mines not being as agreeable as a sentence of banishment to the civilization of Tobolsk. The unfortunate Comtesse Montfarneska was reduced to abject poverty and misery when she met Michael Fiennes again, whom she had known in days of happiness and prosperity; and he, touched to the heart by her desolation, married her from the purest motives of chivalrous pity, generosity and gratitude, inspired by a remembrance of the hospitality, and kindness he had received from her husband's hands in times gone by. But the union was not a happy one, and I fear she ill repaid him for his goodness and magnanimity. However, she is dead now; let her rest in peace. Mr. Fiennes only survived his son's marriage one year. He lived to receive the first baby in his arms, and then died. Another child arrived in due time; it was born a few months before the breaking-out of the last Polish insurrection, when the nation rose against the tyranny of their oppressors, and fought as only such a noble and gallant band—the flower of chivalry and courage—could fight, for life, liberty and country.

"Michael Fiennes was in Vienna when the war broke out, but he hastened immediately to the country of his adoption, and joined the ranks of the Polish army. Then, side by side with the haughtiest nobles and the bravest hearts in Europe, he fought like a hero of romance, pouring forth his blood even as they poured forth theirs, like water on the frozen earth; his dauntless courage, his noble chivalry, his coolness, his utter disregard of danger, the holy calmness with which he faced death, and prison, and exile, confident in the righteousness of his cause; the unvarying sweetness of his temper in sickness and privation, and his patience in enduring his sufferings when he was wounded almost unto death, won for him the respect, the admiration, and the love of the entire army."

"Then that is why he wears such deep mourning, I suppose," said Plunkett, thoughtfully, "out of compliment to the unfortunate Poles, as he seems to have identified himself with them so completely?"

"No," answered Viscount Addingfield, "for the five years of national mourning are just up. He wears his now for his youngest child."

"He has lost one of his sons, then, poor fellow?" said honest Cis, kindly.

"He has lost them both," said Henry Addingfield, "and his wife and his father. He is alone in the world."

"*Pauvre Diable!* How sad!" said the burly guardsman, drawing his tawny beard thoughtfully through his hand. "You have interested me infernally, Addingfield. I should like to know Mr. Fiennes."

"And I, too," said Horatio Plunkett, condescendingly. "Aw, by Jove, it's four o'clock-aw! Come and have a turn in the Park, Cis."

He took out a *porte-cigares*, lit an Havana, looked round for his pearl-gray gloves, and then the two friends went out arm-in-arm.

Lord Addingfield gazed after them with a strange, thoughtful smile, "Ah! if you knew all," said he to himself. "I wonder if even generous Cecil Burlingford would dare to know *him*."

Then he took up the *Saturday Review* again, but he did not begin to read. "Sad! yes, it is very sad," he mused—"sad to have lost wife and children, and kinsmen and friends—sad to be alone in the world; but there is something sadder still, a burden of misery and dishonor still less endurable. God help him, poor fellow! I wonder that the blow did not kill him at once."

CHAPTER II.—ROSES IN THE SPRING I GATHER.

At the same time that Viscount Addingfield was slowly conveying to the intelligence of Horatio Plunkett the fact that Mr. Fiennes was, in all respects, a person worthy even of his august acquaintance, the gentleman in question was pursuing his route quietly towards the Row, by way of the Mall; past the green park from which a thin white mist was rising, and beneath the dreary moss-grown walls of Buckingham Palace gardens—slowly, thoughtfully, with his head sunk on his breast, as if in deep reverie.

Presently, however, he roused himself with an apparent effort from the thoughts that oppressed him, and raised his eyes from the ground; it was six years since he had been in England—six long, long weary years that had seemed an endless period of exile to him, and he wanted to look around him and note the changes that had taken place in the old familiar spot since he had stood there on a bright Autumn afternoon six years ago.

Six years ago! Then he had been rich, contented, hopeful; he had had a father whom he respected, a high-born wife, a baby son whom he loved with yearning affection; he had possessed an ancient name, that he was honestly proud of, an unblemished escutcheon the very motto of which was, "*Plutôt mourir que salir*," and spotless honor as pure and unsullied as his own noble, chivalrous soul. Now all was gone; father, wife, child, honor, fame, everything—everything but the empty riches he had always cared so little about; and hope, the last gift of the gods, had departed with the rest. He was alone in the world.

By-and-by he came to the Row. The silvery Autumn sun was setting behind a heavy bank of dull gray clouds, the thin blue haze crept slowly upwards through the damp park glades, and the shades of an early twilight descended over the desolate scene.

Still Michael Fiennes walked slowly on. On his way he only encountered a single nursemaid hurrying home through the evening mists, who nearly drove her perambulator over his feet, and a poor lost wanderer of the canine species, to whom he

gave a compassionate word as he passed—a word that was not lost on the forlorn waif, for he wagged his tail, with a wistful look up into the dark, kindly face; and finally, after some irresolution, made up his terrier mind to follow at a respectful distance. Dogs and little children all loved Michael Fiennes; there was something in his noble manner that inspired every creature that was weak and helpless with instinctive confidence.

Archange Michael Fiennes was at this time in his forty-first year, tall, far beyond the ordinary statue of men, of grave, majestic presence, and grand proportions, although he looked terribly thin and ill.

"*Maladif* to his bones," remarked a fair marquise of the Avenu Wagram, with a shrug of her shoulders, as she watched him trot his splendid pair of English horses along the crowded Bois. "Poor man! and he looking so sad, so sad! *Ciel!* how these men change! It is but six years ago that I remember him handsome as an archangel. St. Michael we used to call him; you know his name is Michael; does it not fit him *bien?* Caught the fever, did he, when he was fighting for those *malheureux* Poles? Ah! *Mon Dieu!* what horror! and they tell me that people never get quite well of that dreadful ague fever." Madame d'Ponsleroy was right—Mr. Fiennes had never been the same man since he lay wounded almost to death, shivering with ague and consumed by fever, in the ward of that Polish hospital—not dead, yet scarcely living, and totally unable to be moved—through many long, long weary months of horrible bodily suffering, mental anguish and weakness, that had reduced him to a state as helpless as that of his two little baby children who were brought three times a week to sit for a few minutes on their father's bed. How he used to long for those days, poor, weary invalid! How fondly he used to kiss the tiny face held down to him by the comely *Bourguignonne nourrice*, in her white apron! and how his pale, worn face and soft, dark eyes used to light up with a sweet, sad smile when his first-born, scarcely eighteen months old, crowed and kicked a baby recognition of papa, as he was carried into the room and placed by the *bonne* in those thin, wan, blue-veined hands, trembling with weakness, that were eagerly held forth to receive him. Poor little dead babies! how sadly those times were remembered now. But there was another fever, more consuming than the one caught in the damp bivouac, among the poisonous night-miasmas of the Polish swamps—a scar deeper than the bullet-wound which had plowed up his left breast, leaving a long blue livid cicatrix behind—a fever that devoured him night and day; a wound that was incurable until the Great Physician of the Soul should touch it with His healing finger in His own good time at once and for ever. What wonder that the shadow of that sorrow, unknown but to the eye of God, should leave its trace upon the features of that face which once was beautiful as an archangel's.

But, beautiful as his features were, they were the least attractive part about him, and the charm of his face would have been almost as great had they been ugly, irregular, marred in every way and even disfigured by the smallpox; it was the wonderful air of mingled sweetness and majesty that pervaded his whole person. The kind and noble, yet ineffably sad, expression of those large, dark, thoughtful eyes, and the grave, sweet, all-conquering charms of his rare and transient smile—that was the soul of his gloriously handsome face. He might be ill, he might be suffering, worn to a shadow, faded, pain-weary, sorrowful almost unto death, and yet the spell of his beauty never lost its potency. He was a man not only to be loved, but to be worshiped to idolatry. In looking upon that face you were at once impressed with the idea of how good it was—how nobly, grandly innocent. (I use the word *innocent* advisedly, although perhaps, at first sight, it may seem out of place in speaking of a man, especially one of mature years; and, in truth, it is not often that the expression is applicable, but no other will so exactly describe the look I wish to portray.) Such a face could not deceive—the man who owned it could not lie—he could not do a dirty action—could not soil his hands with impurity. Majesty, truth and honor were written by the finger of God upon that grand white brow.

Michael Fiennes was a man of the world, a man rich, sought after, much talked of—a man of high position, who from his youth had mixed in the most brilliant circles of Europe, and had seen the backs of the cards in many a splendid *salon* of the Faubourg St. Honoré and Boulevard Hausmann, without the assistance of M. Satan, or the magical *Sonnette* of the Baron François Armand de Luizzi. His innocence was not the innocence of ignorance—no; his was the countenance of a noble Christian gentleman, and one who would have died rather than have defiled his soul with the luxury of vice—the honorable forbearance of a man, who, having great power in his hands for good or evil, deliberately chose the good.

Few men had ever been tempted as he had been; not one man in a thousand would have had the moral courage to withstand the temptation had it been presented to him. It was not only the Cora Pearls, *les femmes perdues* of the *demi-monde*, who conspired for his fall. Had M. le Baron Luizzi not met with that terrible catastrophe and left this world so summarily, amidst blue flames and brimstone, his infernal friend might have amused him with the secret history of many a lovely comtesse, holding her stately receptions each evening, with a smiling face, who, in the privacy of her luxurious boudoir Louis Quinze, had cursed Michael Fiennes with scalding tears of rage and shame, yet who—many years hence, perhaps upon her death-bed—will bless him with her latest breath, that through him she goes to meet God with one sin the less on her guilty head.

The *coulisses* of the Châtelet or the Porte St. Martin never saw him dispensing champagne and badinage amongst heated coryphées *demi-nues*. He never frequented the crowded *lansquenet* and *rouge-et-noir* tables of certain fashionable *salons*, where calm aristocratic men, last remnants of old races, whose names had glittered through the pages of history from the days of Charlemagne, sat playing away their souls, with white patrician hands that never trembled, and a haughty smile on high-bred features that would be set in the rigidity of a violent self-sought death before the morrow's sun rose, perhaps. Never shared the shady delights of Mabille with dark-eyed grisettes, never had assignations with lovely actresses at the *bals de l'Opera*, or joined midnight topers at houses of questionable repute with the idle young *attachés* living about court. No man living could lay his ruin to the charge of Michael Fiennes, and no *âme damnée* prowling beneath the sickly lamplight, in the midnight and the rain, ever owed her lost soul to the pre-eminent beauty God had given him, or to the gold he cared so little for and lavished so generously on any one who had need of it.

Women who had been disappointed in their designs regarding him salved their feelings by calling him cold, heartless, insensible—anything they could think of, according to the normal custom of the *beau sexe*.

But Michael Fiennes was neither cold nor proud. God knows that no man on earth ever possessed a kinder or more generous heart, and no man was ever more simple and unaffected in his manners, or more entirely unconscious of his own great personal advantages. Vanity he had never had an atom of, and pride, the honest, noble, manly pride he had once possessed, had long since been crushed out of him on that day of agony, and shame and despair, when, on the night of his terrible anguish, he had wept tears of blood wrung from the lowest depths of his strong man's soul over the ruins of his degraded name, his everlasting disgrace, and the sullied purity of his manly honor, dragged through the mire of never-ending shame.

Few men knew the secret of his infamy; the story had been hushed up with wonderfully little *esclandre*, and if a breath had been circulated at the time, it was entirely forgotten now. But could Michael Fiennes himself forget it? Never! Could he look in the face of honest men and forget that he was not as they were—that there was that in his life which, if known, would brand him for ever in the eyes of high-bred men and women—that there was a secret slur upon his old and honored name sufficient to call down on his devoted head the pitying scorn of boors. No, he could never forget it, never could raise his noble head again with honest pride, never could lift his dark eyes without shame to the noonday sun which had once shone upon the burnished shield of his honor and found no stain; never again could glory in the purity of that royal robe of ermine, with its time-honored motto, "*Plutôt mourir que salir.*"

Since that day he had virtually quitted the world; he still kept up his splendid establishment near Posen, and his hôtel in the Oratoire du Roule; still maintained his princely retinue of servants, and his magnificent stud of horses; but he had retired from the clubs, the public meetings, and all those places where men most congregate, and had entirely withdrawn from the society to which he had the *entrée* by right of his birth and position. He might be forced, by horrible circumstances over which he had no control, to live a continual lie, but he would not take advantage of that obligation; he judged himself, and passed rigid sentence of perpetual banishment—a sentence which he put in force with all the vigor that was possible to him, considering the position in which he was placed by his rank and wealth.

His wife still went into the world, and was the gayest of the gay; still drove her splendid barouche, with its magnificent English horses, which were the envy of the Bois; still sported her imperial diamonds at her box at the Grand Opera, and her Russian sables *sans prix* at the one o'clock Mass at St. Philippe du Ronde; still squandered his money, so generously lavished upon her, with as reckless a hand as if she had brought him a *dot* of thousands, as if he had married her from love, and not from a generous feeling of noble compassion. What did she care how he suffered—what matter was it to her that his heart was breaking—let him go and bear his burden alone; it was nothing to her. But one bitterly severe Winter, when Paris was colder and gayer than usual, it was rumored that the delicate Polish comtesse, who had married the rich English gentleman—*beau comme un Archange*, as the ladies said—was ill, dying of consumption, some one said. It was true, her husband took her to the south of France, to Pau, to Naples, to Nice. All that man could do he did to save the woman who had been a cold, ungrateful, heartless wife to him; unfaithful in soul if not in deed; but it was too late; the skill even of a Guerin could not cure her, and she died early in the Spring, breathing her last in those faithful arms that had been kind and tender and true to the end; and Michael Fiennes was left alone with his two little motherless children.

But the children did not long survive their mother; they had inherited her extreme delicacy of constitution, and the seed of consumption, that had been dominant in them since their birth, developed alarmingly after her death. One year after he had stood by the grave of his wife, Michael Fiennes saw the little coffin containing all that remained of his first-born lowered into the cold damp earth of Montmartre—and then went back to the darkened home where his youngest son of five years old lay dying even then.

Poor wretched father! how he had loved those babies, how his lonely disappointed heart had clung to them in his desolation! Who shall tell with what heartbroken, despairing agony he poured his very soul to God in prayer that this, his last and only child, might be spared to him? And yet his pale lips still had the strength to murmur, with sublime patience, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

The child died peacefully, gently, calmly, one chill September night, on its father's breast. The wind soughed dismally down the chimney, the rain pattered against the panes of the windows, and the firelight flickered on the bright illuminated pictures of saints and angels that hung on the shadowy walls, as Mr. Fiennes sat in a large armchair, holding his young child, wrapped in a blanket, closely pressed to his aching heart. The weary little head nestled against his shoulder, the little, hot, feverish hands were locked in his; and solemnly, yet very sweetly, the father's deep musical voice sounded in that hushed room, as he talked to the little one of heaven and God, and the holy angels, with their floating white wings, who were going soon to carry him away to their own bright home beyond the sun, where myriads and myriads of blessed spirits stood around the great white Throne of God, and his little brother amongst them.

But more than all, the father dwelt on the subject of Him who is peculiarly the God of little children's hearts, whose very name, Jesus, fills their soul with an all-absorbing idea of one who is divinely tender and infinitely patient. And he showed him an old, worn book, with a picture of our dear Lord, that was always regarded with wondering interest by the child upon his lap.

"But when shall I go, there? When shall I see Him?" asked little Stanislaus, pointing with one finger to the favorite picture.

"I don't know, my darling," answered his father, choking back a tearless sob; "but soon, very soon, I think."

"I am glad," said the child, dreamily—"glad, for I should like to see Him." And he kissed the book. "He is like you, papa; just like you in the picture. And papa"—here he lowered his voice—"shall I see mamma up there—mamma up in heaven?"

"I hope so, my child," replied Mr. Fiennes, solemnly.

"But, poor papa! poor, dear papa! I don't like to go and leave you all alone!" And he flung his small arms around his father's neck, and kissed the dark-bearded face over and over again. "Don't cry, papa; you shall come, too. I will ask Him to let the angels fetch you afterwards. Oh, don't cry so bitterly!" And Stanislaus essayed to wipe away the big hot tears that were streaming down his father's pale, worn face, with his little night-dress.

"No, my darling, I will not," answered Mr. Fiennes, trying to smile. "But promise me, Stanislaus—promise me faithfully, darling—that when you are a little saint in heaven you will pray to God for your poor father, that he may soon leave this hard, cruel, sorrowful world, where there is so much pain and suffering and misery, and come to you."

The child gave his promise; and by-and-by, as the night wore on, he fell asleep in Christ, and woke no more on earth.

Mr. Fiennes never knew the exact moment when the soul of his child passed away to the God who gave it; no shadow fell upon the sleeping face as the Angel of Death crossed the threshold, not even a rustle of unseen wings, or a whisper from that mysterious world that encompasses us on every side, told that one more little guileless spirit had joined the white-robed band of holy innocents gathered about the steps of the eternal throne. Only before the morning dawned, Michael Fiennes knew that he was childless.

A few days passed, days of utter misery and desolation, and then clothed in the deepest mourning, the widowed father stood on the brink of that reopened grave listening to the dull sound of the wet sods falling on the little coffin-lid, while the rain poured pitilessly down on his bowed head, with its drenched dark hair; and even the priest and the officiating sacristan glanced compassionately at that tall, noble-looking man standing there, motionless and silent in his utter wretchedness and bereavement.

Then once more the poor father turned and went back to the darkened house where never again on earth he would hear the patter of his children's feet running out to meet him; never again would hear the sound of their baby voices calling gladly for "Papa, papa!"—never again would lift them up in his strong arms, and place them one on each shoulder, that he might carry them in triumph to his study; never again would take them on his knees by the fire in the long Winter evenings that he might tell them marvelous stories of "Croquemitaine" and "Riquet-with-the-Tuft" while they sat gazing up into his dark-bearded face with wondering brown eyes so like his own—never more—never more; and the echoes of that desolate house, like Poe's Raven, answered Nevermore, as he went up-stairs to the lonely nursery, and stood beside the empty cribs. Then, with a tearless sob of unspeakable anguish, that shook that strong man's iron frame like a leaf, he cast himself on his knees, groaning, "Oh, God! my empty arms."

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Agricultural Congress in Spain.

On Sunday, December 3d, King Alfonso formally announced the opening of the Agricultural Congress which had been convened at Madrid. The ceremony took place in a hall of the Central University. His Majesty occupied the chair as President of the Congress, and near him, to the right, were the Minister of State, the Director-General of Agriculture, and the Rector of the University, while on the other side were the Minister of the Treasury, the Minister of Mercy and Justice, the Civil Governor of the Province, and other distinguished officials. The object of the Congress is to investigate and discuss methods of developing the agricultural resources of Spain, and sanguine hopes are entertained of notable results from the effort.

The Russian Army of Invasion.

The Turkish complication still threatens to involve the whole of Europe in war, and the newspapers are teeming with news more or less speculative from the scene of impending contest. We present in this issue several sketches from both sides of the Turkish frontier. A Winter campaign is always a severe undertaking in that mountainous region, and in this bitter season it presents even a more appalling aspect than usual. One of our cuts represents a Russian camp at Kichinoff, and another shows the difficulty with which the necessaries of life are transported across the sterile regions which intervene between these would-be invaders and their base of supplies. Another shows a detachment of Russian volunteers on their route homeward. The Russian army when on a war-footing, comprises 1,700,000 regular troops, besides about 200,000 Cossacks and nearly 1,000,000 of the "Landwehr." The mobilization of these troops in case of war for active service is a matter of no small difficulty and time, while the provisioning of such a body of men requires considerable thought on the part of the Commissariat Department. Taking into consideration all these points, the Government has recently made the following disposition of the troops: 330,000 men take the field, while 120,000 are kept in garrison; the local troops are composed of 80,000; 206,000 are held in the reserve force; 257,000 troops are kept in the various military depots throughout the empire, and 70,000 Cossacks are called up. These numbers furnish a total of 1,463,000 men, who can be sent into battle at a few hours' notice, at the most. The number is 163,000 in excess of the regular army of Germany, the second fighting power, in point of numbers, in Europe.

The British Ambulance Train in Turkey.

The British National Society's Transport Service in Turkey is undergoing considerable hardship in its humane mission. Our sketch of a train in a mountain pass near Lukova tells its own story of effort and endurance. Another sketch depicts a disagreeable adventure which befell the Society's ambulance train during the night of November 24th. It had started from Arhangelovatz that morning, with the intention of reaching Rosseva the same evening. The snow, however, which had fallen continuously for some days, and which, at places, was over the axles of the wagons in depth, so impeded their progress that night overtook the party before they had left the forest through which the road passed. Suddenly the horses began to rear and plunge furiously, without any apparent reason. A few minutes afterwards, however, six wolves emerged from the wood, and approached within a few paces of the horses' heads. The position was, for the moment, a dangerous one, as none of the party had any firearms. Lanterns were immediately lit and waved about, which frightened the wolves, and they were ultimately driven away, though for some time they kept prowling about.

Medieval French Arms.

A new gallery has just been opened in the Paris Museum of Artillery, in which are displayed specimens of French armor such as was worn by the warriors of the period between Charlemagne and Louis XIV. A complete retrospect of French history is embodied in this interesting collection, which illustrates in vivid shape the progressive strides made by that warlike race during the course of eight centuries—Gallic self-love is also appeased by the reflection here suggested that every great reverse which has befallen their arms has been succeeded by a still more notable success. After Crecy and Poictiers came Orleans and Castillon; Pavia and St. Quentin were followed by Ivry, Rocroy and Fontenoy; Rosbach by Valmy and Jena; and after Waterloo came Sebastopol and Solferino. But then came Bismarck——!

Astronomical Experiments in Paris.

At the return of the *savans* from the expedition to observe the transit of the planet Venus, on the 9th of December, 1874, there was in the scientific circles of Paris a general feeling of disappointment that many long-disputed questions were far from being cleared up. In the French capital, Messrs. Dumas, Anché, and many of the scientific brethren have, ever since the date of the return of the expedition, been puzzling themselves concerning the appearance of a peculiar phenomena which covered a certain part of the disk of the planet Venus with a strange black mark. To prove that this was merely an effect of light has been their constant endeavor, and in consequence of this, as we show in our illustration, a series of experiments have been held in the vaults beneath the famous Ecôle Normale of Paris. Many of the distinguished professors have come to the conclusion that they have thoroughly proved the phenomenon in question to be what has been above stated. Still, it is not until the year 1882 comes round, when another chance will be given for observation, that we can expect this theory to be definitely settled.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE man who thought that friends should be informed of their faults is now devoid of friends.

—GERMANY thinks of investing in American fire-engines, and a committee will come over to inspect and investigate.

—JACKSONVILLE has grown faster than any other city in Florida, the population increasing within a few years from 2,000 to 12,000.

—TELEGRAPH-POLES are being placed for a line from Red Cloud Agency to Hat Creek, in the Black Hills, Dakato, and the wires will probably be stretched early in the Spring.

—AGRICULTURAL HALL, at the Centennial, is to be taken apart and shipped to Spring Lake, near Sea Girt. Out of its wood and glass a hotel, a railroad depôt and eight cottages are to be built.

—At London, during the last week in December, the weather was so warm as to be quite oppressive. Fires were let down and the windows opened, while in the gardens lilac-trees were coming into leaf.

—THERE is not a single dispensation of Providence which, if properly viewed, will not afford an excellent lesson. Never repine at the good fortune of others, for many are they who wish to be raised to your situation.

—A PRACTICAL idea against intemperance has lately been started in England, where the magistrates have determined to ascertain from drunkards brought before them the name of the publican who last supplied them with liquor.

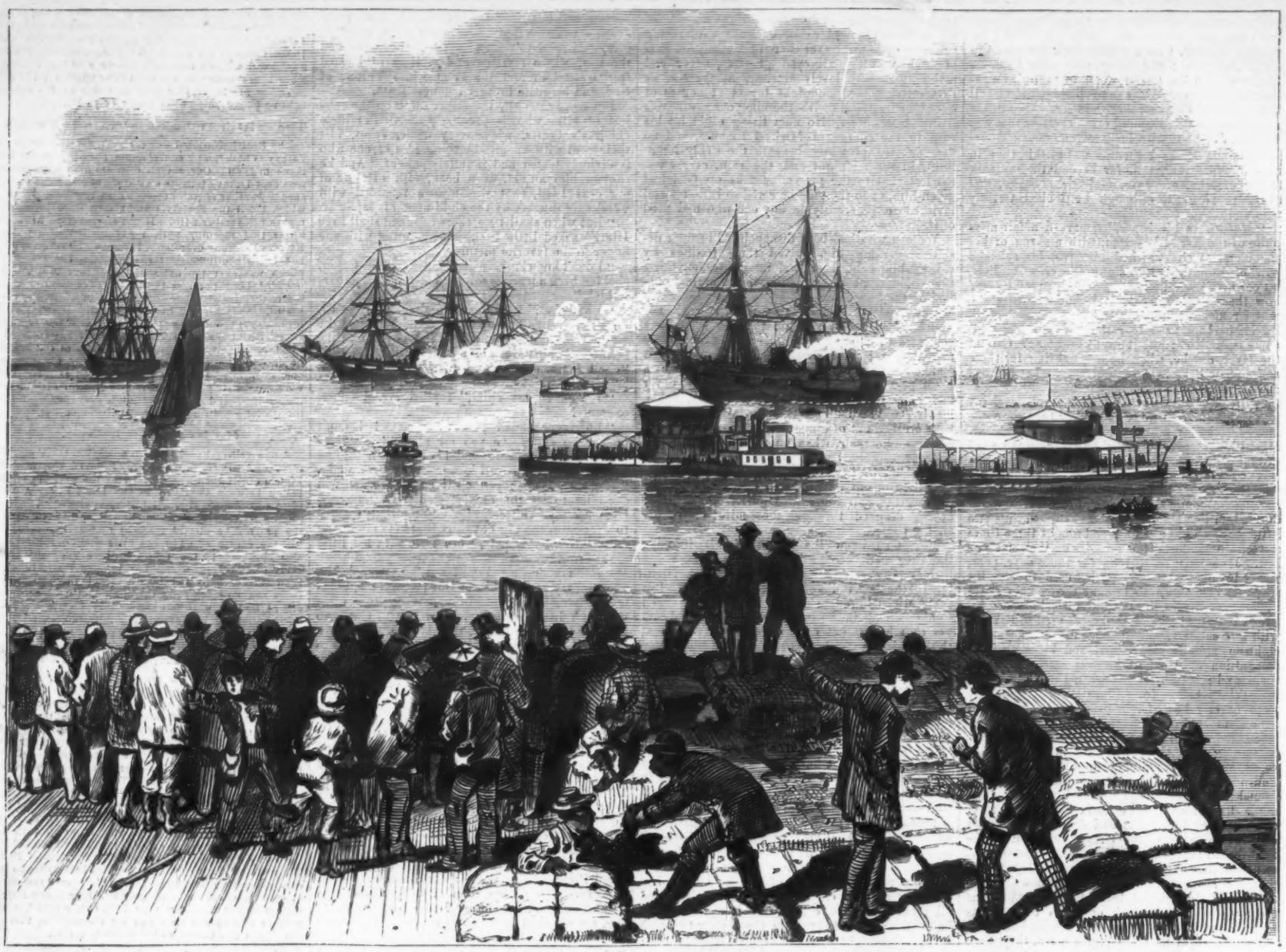
—THE papers of Northern Texas are full of accounts of skating, sleigh-riding and snow-balling. The cold weather seems to have been regarded as a holiday, or rather as several holidays—too cold for business, and requiring fast and furious fun.

—THE outlook for the shoe and leather trade during the current year is unusually encouraging. In Massachusetts, last year, this industry was larger than ever before in the history of the trade, the shipments from Boston exceeding those for 1875 by over 70,000 cases, and those of 1874 by 130,000 cases. The total reported shipments for 1876 are 1,521,205 cases.

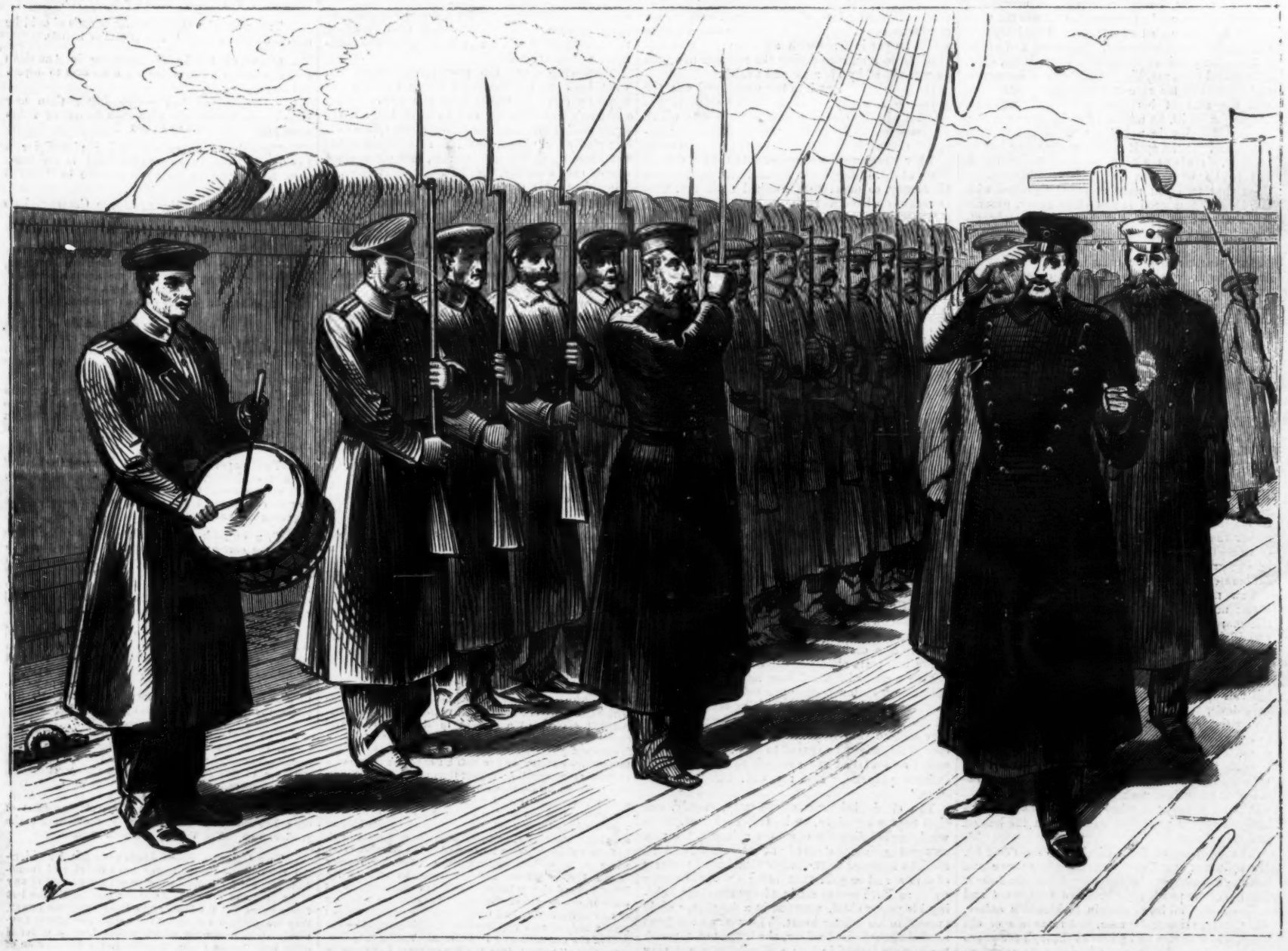
—THE largest auction sale of rubber boots and shoes ever held in this country occurred in Boston on January 14th, under the auspices of the combined companies. The result was unexpectedly satisfactory. Over 34,000 cases—nearly double the amount advertised—were sold in six hours, at good remunerative prices, the total proceeds reaching about $600,000.

—THE Maharajah Scindiah and other principal Indian chiefs have sent a telegraphic message to the Queen, congratulating Her Majesty on the assumption of the title of Empress. In honor of the proclamation 15,988 good-conduct prisoners have been liberated. It is stated that at the races which were held at Delhi there was a large and brilliant assemblage, including most of the native chiefs who took part in the ceremonies of the proclamation. The Viceroy attended in state.

—THE Calcutta *Englishman* says the Presidential crisis in the United States has a direct and immediate interest for India—which could not be said of any other group of events in American politics for the last fifteen years. If the Democratic Party come into power, they are pledged not only to free trade and specie payments—both measures which would have a material effect upon Indian trade—but also to the prohibition of coolie immigration, which would, in all probability, have a wider and more permanent influence.



THE "SVETLANA," THE FLAGSHIP OF THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON, THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, CAPTAIN, RESPONDING TO THE SALUTE OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "POWHATAN."



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS TAKING HIS MORNING EXERCISE ON BOARD THE "SVETLANA" DURING DRILL-HOUR.

VIRGINIA.—THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON, WITH THE GRAND DUKES ALEXIS AND CONSTANTINE, IN NORFOLK HARBOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 357.



SOUTH CAROLINA—THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION DAY IN CHARLESTON, JANUARY 9TH—THE PROCESSION FORMING NEAR CITADEL SQUARE—SKETCHED BY HARRY ORDEN.—SEE PAGE 357.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

FADED and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting sits Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day:
You *can* talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh nor send you away.

I see, as I look from the window-seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With fine French roof and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers,
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
To live in a house like that some day."
Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old,
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea:
Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dashing under me!
In the old, far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And, when like me, you are old," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then, do you think, will the one thing be
You will wish and need, to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say.
"That, money *won't* buy," says Grandmother Gray.

UNFINISHED

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

"YES, she is very ill," Kate said, in a cold voice, busying herself about her room, folding and packing. Mrs. Wilmot followed her with sympathizing eyes, and the six, quieter than usual, ebbed and flowed continually in and out of the room, under the impression that they were "helping."

Kate's voice was still cold and steady when, at the station, she questioned the conductor about the hour when the train was due at its destination. Only when she entered the car, and one of its few passengers—after a surprised stare—started to his feet, and came to meet her—only then did the expression of her dull face vary at all.

"You here, Mr. Rutledge?" she said, letting him take her wraps and satchel.

"Yes; and where are you bound for?"

She handed him the yellow-covered telegram which she still held rolled up in her cold hand, and watched him.

"'C. has had a relapse. Come quickly,'" he read; and she saw an expression of deep sympathy, of pity and of something else that startled her, in the eyes he turned on her. "I did not know she was ill," he said; "what is it?"

"Typhoid fever. She had almost recovered, but she has had a relapse."

Words trembled on his lips—words which he thrust back. "Miss Kate, what can I say? What can I do for you? It is painful to me not to be able to express how deeply I feel for you!" He stammered the words out confusedly.

She was calmer now. "It is strange you did not know she was ill."

"I have not been up to Medland for two months," he returned. "I have been staying in town."

Kate gazed out of the window and pondered. Yes; Charlotte had not mentioned his name for some time in her letters. Never once since that bitter one in which she had said, "I see now what a fool I have been; but—thank heaven!—though he may guess, he cannot *know* it, surely! I suppose that he has taken this method of informing me that he has no serious intentions. He is kind in preventing my young affections from becoming too deeply involved—very kind! But, oh, for an opportunity to prove to him what baseless conceit he cherishes! Kate, forget all I have said. I do not care a pin for him. I only long to see him to prove to him this fact."

The car whirled swiftly along between high clay [illegible]s, with red streams trickling down, and deep, wet, green woods.

Slowly her hand was seized. "Oh, Kate, I cannot stand it any longer! Tell me; may I have some little hope? To see your dear face [illegible], and not have the power or privilege to co[illegible]ou! It is so long since I began to love yo[illegible] all this while scarcely a kind look to live on!"

Kate started violently, but did not blush or quail. She gave him an open-eyed look of amazement. "And Charlotte?" she asked. The words seemed to come without volition on her part. The motherly old lady further down the car gazed discreetly out of the window. The gentleman was buried in his newspaper, and the inevitable baby, with both its parents, slept the sleep of the innocent.

"Charlotte—Miss Charlotte?" he asked, growing amazed in his turn. "What of her?"

"You fancied her first," she said, with a little scorn. "Now it is my turn. Try that old lady next; she has a pair of very bright eyes!"

"Who has slandered me?" he asked, loudly. "Why do you scoff, when I come to you with an honest avowal of the love which has been burning holes in my heart for so long?"

"I do not mean to scoff," Kate answered, gently, softened by the touch of genuine passion in his voice. "I certainly would not if I thought you were in earnest."

"Look in my eyes," he said; "you cannot doubt me."

Kate's level glance met his searchingly. She could see deep pain, but the brave glance of conscious truth quelled the doubt in hers. She loved him; she felt that was nothing new. She had loved him for many a long day, though struggling hard against it; but, oh, she wanted to trust him, too! She still looked perplexed. She could not think that Charlie could have given her heart so utterly unmasked as this seemed to imply. Oh, if it had only happened otherwise! If those pathetic letters of Charlie's had only been about some other man!

"Will you listen to me?" he asked, presently. "I have been to blame for this mistake, but not so much as you might suppose. Soon after I first met you, Paul de Treville came to me one day with a story of how shamefully he had been treated. I supposed Paul to be a truthful man, and listened sympathizingly to his story. 'She is an arrant little flirt,' he said, angrily; 'she led me on in every way, and then when I did what she must have expected—addressed her, she snubbed me with a pair of amazed eyes, and said *she did not mean!*' And then he mentioned her name. 'Miss Howard?' I asked, quickly. 'Not the one you mean,' he said, 'her sister—as pretty and heartless a little flirt as you would care to meet. They are as different as day and night. Let me warn you against her!' Of course I understood that pique had a great deal to do with his angry talk, but still Paul's warning stirred my curiosity, and when I met Miss Charlotte and saw all her pretty, witching ways—her whole artillery of thrilling looks and smiles——"

"Don't!" Kate cried. So vividly did the picture come before her of her Charlie—so fresh and innocent—so wrapt in blissful dreams—so rash, so foolish, so confiding—living in a world so far removed from this—a world of wildest fancies and romantic dreams. "I can't bear it!" she said, with her hands before her face.

"Let me finish," he went on, gently. "I regarded her as some curious study. It amused me to listen to her artfully confiding talk, as I then thought it. I gloried in knowing my own safety, for my heart was filled with thoughts of you. I thought it no harm to carry on a little harmless flirtation, as I knew she was safe and only amusing herself."

Kate blazed at him indignant eyes.

"Don't misunderstand me," he pleaded. "I did not go far; I never said a word that I repent. I did not pretend to any deep feeling. It was a tacitly understood thing between us that we were both endeavoring to while away the Summer-time pleasantly. I never should have attempted such with you," he said, reverently. "But after De Treville's story, I thought it could do no harm."

"It *might* have done harm," Kate said—"though it did not," she added, after a pause.

"No," he said, and then went on: "It is hard for me to say it, but I must tell the truth. Conceit—baseless conceit—I now see, woke in me. I grew frightened when I saw what an innocently confiding nature the supposed practiced flirt possessed, and I put an end to all attentions to her——"

"Baseless conceit, indeed!" Kate interposed, sharply.

"Yes, I know it. I met her afterwards with Jim Gordon, and saw what a fool I had been. She is not a practiced flirt, but a true little woman, and she loves her cousin best of all. But why talk of that, Miss Kate? No harm is done on either side. Miss Charlotte has doubtless forgotten my very existence, and my weak attempts at a flirtation with her."

Then a pause. "Answer me, now!" and he leaned forward, with eager face and eyes alight. "Will you give me some hope? Will you one day be my wife?"

For one little instant she hesitated. How good it would be to have this strong hand to help her through the pain of Charlie's illness! But Charlie—her poor, foolish, romantic Charlie—Charlie, with her wild, warm impulses, her sensitive, true heart—her blind, confiding love! Then she tightly folded her pulsing hands. "No," she said, "I will not."

She did not dare to look at him in the long silence that came after. Then he left her side and went into the smoking-car. Kate leaned her pale face on her hand, and gazed out over the flying, watery landscape, with sad, perturbed eyes. Yes, she was right. Had she not tried always to do everything for Charlie? Did she not always mean to put Charlie first? Had she not applied for her position as governess, because she could not go back to the old house without Charlie, and because she was determined that Charlie should have a more peaceful home? Had she not laughed when Uncle Ben mourned because he could only afford to offer a home to *one?* Had she not said, "I like to be independent!" Had she not done all this almost without a regret, without showing in eye or voice the pain tugging at her heartstrings, as she kissed her darling good-by? Had she not left him to Charlie? Had she not done all this, and was it time to falter now? She looked at the next seat where Mr. Rutledge had left his valise and coat. A novel was there, wide open, just as he had dropped it in his eagerness to greet her. She half smiled, though her eyes were dim. But then regrets began to creep in. Was she benefiting Charlie now? Had he not clearly shown that he cared nothing for Charlie? Did not Charlie's letter plainly say, "I do not care a pin for him"? For what had she thrust his love away? For nothing!

Suddenly there is a stop. The heads of the four adult passengers are thrust out of the window. The baby wakes with a wail. The baby's father goes off for information as to this stoppage where no station is in sight. He soon reappears at the door. "The trestle is unsafe after these heavy rains," he says, excitedly. "The conductor is in doubt as to whether it is advisable to go on or not. If there are any passengers anxious to go on, and willing to risk their lives, I believe he means to venture the engine and one passenger-car. For my part, I cannot think that any one will be so mad!"

"I will be one of the mad ones, sir!" the gentleman with the newspaper says snappishly.

The conductor's head appears. "Hands up!" he says, in his clockwork voice, "those who wish to proceed. Most of the gentlemen in the next car determined to go on. Trestle dangerous, but, please God"—and he touches his cap reverently—"we'll put you across." The gentleman with the newspaper holds up his hand with a triumphant glance at the baby's nervous father. The motherly old lady hesitates, looks across at the appealing dark face—at the beautiful, wildly anxious eyes—at the eager young hand held aloft, trembling—and she, too, holds up her hand. Then there is a great deal of confusion. The nervous father indignantly hurries his wife and child to another car. Finally engine and car are linked. A crowd of men file in sheepishly, and seat themselves near the door, most of them casting cigar-stumps regretfully away. Lastly Mr. Rutledge enters and takes the last seat. Then—after a few false starts—with a groan and awful shriek the engine plunges forward.

"We have reached the trestle, dear," the motherly old lady says presently, seating herself by Kate. In such times people do not wait to be introduced. The engine seems to be barely creeping now, and there is a breathless silence in the car. The conductor opens the door. As he does so, an awful swaying is felt. The car seems to shudder and reel. "Keep your hearts up," he says cheerily. "With God's help we will get across." Then, after a pause, "Friends, we are in danger—it is too late to stop, but we can pray." Then Kate feels that from hearts unused to prayer live, wild prayers are rushing up to God—and her soul, too, seems to fling itself down at God's feet—but dumbly. "Are you frightened, love?" the lady says, with Kate's cold hand between her own.

"No," she answers steadily, "only waiting. Why do we creep so slowly?" and then she leans out of the window.

"How can you bear to look?" with a shudder.

"If I am to die," Kate says, quietly, "I would like to see the place?" and she looks down, down the steep banks; down over clay and sand; down through sunlight and shadow; down, along where sweet-eyed flowers clamber, half-hiding cruel rocks; down to where sluggish red water creeps far away! It seemed an awful gulf—and out of it rises up faces—her mother's face, smiling; her father's, sadly fixed in death; Charlotte's pathetic eyes, all drowned in tears; Miss Christina's mocking smile; a face she loves, with its blue eyes shut, and blood upon the lids! Then a dizzy whirl of brilliant birds and flowers—a whiff of odors from the old garden—a confused sound of plaintive voices, out of which rises Charlotte's "I love him!"—and then the whole world seems smitten dead.

Some one seems pleading with her, but she is dead; how can she answer? Some one seems whispering to her; but she is asleep. How can she wake? Some one is gazing upon her, and their gaze seems to draw life shudderingly back to her numb heart—seems to burn through her closed eyes to her brain, and, with a mighty effort, she lifts her pallid lids and looks about her.

She is in a car. Not dead, then? Then it all rushes back upon her, and she clings to the arm supporting her, with an electric burst of tears and sobs.

"Don't, oh, don't, my darling," some one says, imploringly, "it is all over. The suspense is over. We are safe!"

"I leave her now to you," the motherly lady says, smiling, and moving off. Kate has forgotten everything now—has forgotten even Charlie. All she remembers is that she said to him, "I will not!" and yet he is here to help and love and take care of her. She saw his dead face in the gulf, and yet here it is, smiling a very heaven upon her. She shuts her eyes again, with a lovely color flooding her cheeks.

"What do you say now?" he whispers.

"I will," she says, with one brief flash out of her eyes, and then they shut again.

CHAPTER III.

THE room is very still—so still that the ticking of the clock down-stairs sounds like heavy breathing near by. There is a busy humming outside, and Charlotte can picture to herself the bees darting here and there around the honeysuckle vine that drapes her window. She can picture, too, the river, shining and murmuring deliciously, down at the foot of the hill; but she cannot see any of this, for the blinds are tightly closed. She wishes they would not whisper so outside her door. Then she stretches out her hand for the book that lies by her. How curiously white her hand is, and so thin! She holds it up, smiling faintly. Then how queerly the pencil wriggles as she tries to write on the first blank page. At last she scrawls "W. R.," and gazes at the initials dreamily. How slowly hope dies in the heart! He never did come, she thinks. And yet—and yet—he must have cared something for her. Maybe, one of these days, it will all come right, and he will explain why he put a stop so suddenly to the visits which had grown so dear.

Kate comes in and stands silently by the bed, watching her. At last she speaks.

"Charlie," she says, "Jim is here," in the hushed tone she has taught herself.

"Jim?" and a flush of recollection floods her face. "Oh, Kate, did you know? About the money, I mean. Just as I was getting well," she goes on, in answer to Kate's startled eyes, "I got a letter from Miss Christina, telling me that the twenty-five dollars I thought I had earned came out of Jim's pocket. She seemed to suspect me of having taken it with open eyes. At first I felt a miserable sensation of having failed utterly. Not even *one* attempt worthy of publication! Then I had all sorts of wicked thoughts, and, full of shame, and goaded by her taunts, I set to work to write again—to do anything to enable me to pay Jim his money again. I don't remember any more. I suppose it was then the excitement and overwork brought on a relapse. Everything is unfinished, Kate." Her eyes grow wearied. "Tell Jim——"

"Hush, darling," and Kate lays her hand on Charlie's mouth; "it is all right—I paid it long ago."

Charlie's grateful eyes answer her; but she seems to feel too weak to speak any more just now. There is a pause. Then—"Scribbling as usual," Kate says, with a miserable smile.

"Yes, it's my belief, Kate," Charlotte answers, with something of her old vehemence—"it's my that I'll die pencil in hand! Oh, don't go Kate!"

"Coming back," Kate says, in a smothered voice, for a great rush of scorching tears has blinded and choked her.

Outside she puts out both hands dumbly to Jim, who meets her.

"How did she——?"

"I couldn't, Jim; oh, I couldn't! She had his name written there—she was thinking of him—I couldn't!"

"Well, never mind," soothingly. "It is well you did not tell her the great secret just now, for the doctor said she must not be excited in any way."

"Oh, Jim, I feel like a traitor! What would I do if I hadn't you to talk it over with? How did you know her secret?"

"I guessed it," he answered, slowly, "on my last visit to her."

"And you, Jim?" she asks, quickly, remembering certain significant words in his letter.

"I am all right," he says, bravely, with such a sweet, patient look—as of one who, at night, waits, watching for the dawn—that she feels as if she could bow her head before him in awe and admiration.

Charlotte feels stronger now. She is writing steadily. She has written:

"*June 12th.*—My birthday." Then, after a little pause, she goes on. "A long time it is since I have written in my dear old journal. But it would be a shame not to write anything on this my twentieth birthday. I do feel very weak still; but I *will* make this effort, though Kate *does* laugh at my 'eternal scribbling.' It is very strange to me to feel so weak; but I feel brighter to-day, and I know I am better. I have been very solemn at times, and have felt Heaven very near; but that is because I have never been very ill before. I suppose every one who is ill feels Heaven near. To-day, though, earth seems the nearest. I do want to get well fast! I don't mean to mope and pine any more; but will take matters into my own hands. Suppose I write him a little note—just a little one like this: 'If I have done anything to offend you, please tell me, so that I can explain or apologize.' I hope that doesn't sound too meek. I am sure girls in books write notes, why shouldn't I? But there, I am not a 'girl in a book'! I do not believe what Aunt Rose suggested, that he is afraid I care for him too much, while he only cares for me as a friend. It made me very angry to hear that, and I should die of shame if I believed it; but I will not believe it! But even if he does not care for me, he certainly does not know that I care for him, and I can live. My illness has done me this much good: I have had more time to think than ever before, and when I go about again, please God, I'll be a better girl, and live, not for myself, but others. I'll try again to write, and help my bonny Kate——"

Aunt Rose came in softly; so Charlotte shuts her book, and puts the pencil between the pages.

"Mrs. Howard and Miss Christina are here, girlie. Would you like to see them now?"

"What! am I so ill?" she asks, quickly.

"Why, when you were a baby, if your finger ached, 'Mother Bet' would have gone miles to kiss it!" Aunt Rose says, smiling sadly.

"But Miss Christina——?"

"I am here to answer for myself," the old, sharp voice says, and Miss Christina enters, erect and stiffly, ugly as ever, with her traveling-hat slightly on one side, and a satchel in one hand. In the other she holds some small article tightly clasped. Walking swiftly to the bed, she puts this—a pasteboard box—on Charlotte's pillow, and, looming above her, says, slowly: "I have been a hard-hearted brute. I have been so cloaked in my self-righteousness that I did not see how meanly I could act, even when I prayed to God night and morning to guide my steps aright. I have come to beg your pardon for all the trials I might have spared you."

Charlotte opens her bewildered lips to speak, but a poor disheveled figure throws itself on the bed—a poor, excited figure, with drowned, red eyes and scattered grey hair.

"Oh, Mother Bet!" Charlotte says, faintly, "don't, don't! I am not so ill—I am better! But Mother Bet sobs and kisses over the little thin hands till Aunt Rose persuades her to leave the room, and leads her out. When Aunt Rose comes back Charlotte is trembling violently. "Am I so ill?" she asks, again.

"Judge by your own feelings, dear," Aunt Rose returns, pale but smiling. "You feel better, do you not? Now take this, and try to sleep."

* * * * *

How long she has slept, Charlotte knows not. The room is very still; and not only the room now, but the house; and not only the house, but her very heart feels still and dumb. The room looks very cool and shady, and everything is straight and neat.

Suddenly she becomes aware of some one who has been kneeling by the window, who rises now, and leans against the sill. It is Aunt Rose, with a resolute look on her face.

"Why, auntie, what makes you look so determined?" Charlotte says; and her voice sounds far away—as if it is some one else speaking.

Aunt Rose starts. "You are awake?" she says; then comes swiftly towards her.

"Darling," she says, "I have something to tell you." There is suppressed excitement in her voice. "Something I *must* tell you, though it hurt me ever so much! It will not be right to keep it from you any longer."

Charlotte feels very cold, and filled with dread.

"The doctor says——" she hurries on, breathlessly, yet trying to be calm. The rest of the sentence is a whisper; but that whisper cuts like a knife through the stillness around Charlotte's heart.

"It can't be true!" she cries, sharply. "Oh, God!"

The last two words are a prayer.

Then she hides her wide, frightened eyes in her thin hands. The room is very still.

"When?" The word smites suddenly Aunt Rose's strained senses.

"*He* only knows," she answers, softly. "Oh, darling, look up! Don't look back—look onwards, across the river!"

Then the room is still again. By-and-by Kate creeps in. Charlotte stirs a little as she enters, for a quick, panting sob has come sounding along the passage and in through the door before it is closed. Kate's eyes are dry, and her face is rigidly calm. But as Aunt Rose looks at her, she hopes never may she meet such a mournful gaze of desolation from such young eyes again.

Then the room is still. It may be minutes, it may be hours. It *seems* years!

Kate's face is buried on the side of the bed. She feels a soft touch on her hair—a slim arm about her neck. Then she raises her head, with a great lump in her throat. She meet Charlotte's eyes smiling upon her—yes, smiling. There is a little pink, too, in her cheeks. The wistfulness, the dreaminess, even the dumb, patient pain have all gone out of those eyes, and in their stead there is a wonderful look of peace.

"Yes," Charlotte says, "it was dreadful at first, but I am satisfied now. Death looked *so* awful; but I shut my eyes and prayed to God to help me through, and He did. It seems now as if it would be easy to die." The room is still.

The two pale, young faces lie cheek to cheek—one anguish stricken, the other placidly smiling.

"Kate"—her voice sounds quite natural now—"I am glad my little love story is only unfinished, instead of having a bitter end. Think how much I may be saved! He might not have cared for me after all, you know!"

Kate feels as if a cold, cruel hand is clutching her heart.

"If he ever speaks of me, tell him how much I valued his friendship, and how sorry I was to lose it. I think I'll go to sleep now. No! let me see my journal first. Why, what is this?" and she touched the little box inquiringly.

Kate opens it, surprised, and takes out the earrings formed of drooping lilies.

"Ah!" says Charlotte, a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes, "too late, Miss Christina. You may have them, though, Kate. Wear them on your wedding-day, and think of me."

Kate shudders and pants.

"No, no, bonny Kate, don't cry. Wait awhile."

Then the pencil travels slowly over the page of the journal. Feebly the white hand guides it.

"It pleases God that I shall not go about again to try and be a better girl. In His infinite mercy He is willing to take me as I am. I won't worry then any more, because everything seems left unfinished. I am sure God can finish everything for me better than I could for myself. It is all in His hands, and, maybe, one of these days——"

The room is very still. When Kate looks up it is with a sudden cry. The ruffled bronze hair is not stirred by the faintest breath. The beautiful thin hand still holds the pencil, but Kate knows that broken sentence will never be finished, any more than she can continue that brief story to which God has just written with His own hand "Finis."

THE END.

ROPES OF SAND.

AT the first of the year a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of reform. If he has been good he resolves to be better; if he has been bad he determines to be good. Recognizing the infinite possibilities in the development of the human character, there is not one of the class to which we refer but sees himself a wingless angel by July, and a cherubim with no specific gravity whatever by September. He has been a drinker; he will look no more upon the wine when it is red, or e'en when the German vintner swears that it is white. Pipes and cigars have entranced him to the detriment of his nerves; he will eschew the nicotian leaf, and enter a protest against the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh for his having discovered tobacco. He has not read enough; he will join a library and buy a gallon of midnight oil. A spendthrift once, he will now open an account in a savings-bank. And so on through an endless volume of turned-over leaves, the realization of one chapter of which would insure his becoming a dazzling ornament to society, if not a genuine phenomenon. Dr. Wayland claims that the virtue of a deed resides in the intention of the prospective performer. We are much afraid that there are depths which the learned writer had not sounded, else the January men of resolutions would be the most proper in the world.

Young ladies, also particularly susceptible to the pensive melancholy of the new year, brace themselves courageously for an abnegation of pleasure, and a rigid performance of duty, of the genuine Florence Nightingale type. Church will be attended more, and parties less. Margaret Fuller somehow dazzles into their reflections, and a fondness for hose of a severely blue color develops itself. They resolve to practice so many hours a day upon the neglected piano in the cold parlor. The dusty French books are to be opened, and the irregular verbs embraced with ardor. Father shall have his favorite political leaders read to him, and mother shall be assisted in her household duties. The latest novel having contained an account of a young woman who walked miles across a moor to carry chicken broth and jam to an aged agricultural laborer with the palsy, a list of the sick and the poor in the neighborhood is written, and a series of angelic visits mapped out. Last, but by no means least, is the resolve to keep a diary, to enter nightly upon its fair pages the subtle thoughts of the regenerated brain, the mysterious yearnings of the awakening soul. We are quite sure that Dr. Wayland included the fair sex in his philosophical reflections. The doctor could not, certainly, have pondered deeply over the problem of the fervor of the New Year.

Alas for poor human nature—adamant at the start, shifting sand at the finish. Charles Godfrey Leland in his grotesque ballad of "Hans Breitmann's Party" says, "Vare is dot barty now?" Where are the Spanish castles of good resolutions, turrets tipped with the gold of noble intent, that glittered in the frosty air of January—where are they all when the Spring flowers bloom, and the murmur of the surf begins to be heard upon faraway Summer shores? As the snow melts, and rushes on the bosom of the spray cataract into oblivion, so melt they. Not all the sublime resolves melt so. There are snowy peaks that defy the sun through all the circling seasons, and maintaining a grandly chaste isolation above the mud of the earth; and there are individual instances of enthusiastically sustained devotion to self-assumed duties. But in the main we are constrained to believe that the promises of this season are like the roses of nature; they burst into loveliness only to die, and die only to bud again. It is better that it should be so than they should not be at all. Life is made more fragrant even by their spasmodic existence, and since the lapses are generally minor ones, the progress of the race towards perfection is not materially retarded. The cynical truth of our reasoning asserts itself, nevertheless. Casting the horoscope of the young man we see him, eight months hence, lighting his cigar with the copy of his temperance resolve. Performing the same astrological favor for the young lady, we see her dressing for the twentieth seaside hop, and wondering, as she comes suddenly upon her diary in the bottom of her trunk, how she could ever have written such silly stuff as appears in its February and concluding entry.

A Modern Romance—A Young Italian Refuses a Fortune of Twenty Millions.

HIGH society in Paris is now speculating anxiously upon the manner in which a young professor, living in a garret of the Quartier Latin, will dispose of more than three millions and a half sterling in ready money and splendid real estates in France and Italy. The young professor is Philipe di Ferrari, only surviving son of the late Duke di Galliera. He was, some years ago, one of the most brilliant pupils of the Lycée Louis le Grand. With feverish ardor he devoted himself to study. This intense application arose from a double motive. The boy loved knowledge, and he had a high and sensitive spirit, which was wounded beyond endurance by the duke one day, in his presence, in a fit of anger, revealing a family secret which concerned him. From that hour he resolved not to touch a centime of the paternal fortune. His mother, the only daughter of the Marquis di Brignole Sale, is the heiress of three powerful Genoese families. In the early years of her married life her wealth was scarcely inferior to her husband's. This fact consoled to some extent her sensitive boy, for, being a pupil in an expensive school, where he would not have remained at the charge of his parents, had it not been that compulsion was exercised. On obtaining a bachelor's degree, he cast off what he deemed a dishonorable state of dependence, and set out penniless to do for himself. He drudged obscurely in schools as an usher, and, through sheer force of toil, is now an assistant professor in the College of France. The vast Galliera fortune is within his grasp. He could at any moment have houses, lands, picture-galleries, palaces, and the adulation of endless sycophants and prosperity-worshipers. The Hotel de Galliera, in the Rue de Varennes, stands in a park of about nine acres. Cows graze on the lawn, and on the side next the Hotel des Invalides there is a Swiss village for the gardeners and the dairy-maids. The art collection is the first among the private galleries of France. Professor Philippe Ferrari pays 15 francs a month for his habitation in the Faubourg St. Jacques. He is not insensible to its dinginess and discomforf, but he respects himself in it. He feels he is no impostor, and to the astonishment of society, which cannot believe that what it considers to be a *toquade* will endure, he perseveres in rejecting fortune and duchy. His mother's wealth, at her death, he consents to inherit, but not unless his father's property be appropriated according to the wishes of the late duke, who was a freethinker, and superb in his munificence when an appeal was successfully made to his public spirit. He granted to the municipality of Genoa the Palazzo di Brignole Sale, which, as well as its picture-gallery, he alienated with the consent of the duchess, who derived it from her father. The port of Genoa was not large enough for the commerce which the railway movement brought into it. The duke, hearing this, sent a present of 22,000,000 francs to the municipality of the city and 2,000,000 francs to build houses for the dock laborers. A no less noble donation was made to the municipality of Rome to build a lay university, and a capital of 1,500,000 francs was promised, the interest of which was to be spent on professors' salaries and scholarships. The duchess has sent 1,000,000 francs to the Pope to compensate for the strictness with which she respected her husband's freethinking principles in giving his remains a civil interment. The body, when she reached Genoa, was in the hands of the priests, who were preparing pompous obsequies. She was obliged to obtain the aid of the civil authorities in preventing a *requiem* being chanted over it. The funeral was of the simplest kind—a leaden coffin in a plain oak shell, a hearse devoid of ornaments. No hired mourners, no religious officiants, no psalmody proclaimed that a *magnifico* to the fate of a peasant had yielded. A square stone, with a name and two dates, marks the spot where the opulent duke's body was consigned to kindred earth. The Ferrari fortune was a considerable one at the end of the last century, many of the family having filled high places in the story of "Genoa the superb." The late duke's father, through contracts obtained from Napoleon I., became one of the richest men in Italy. His son, the late duke, came to Paris early in the Second Empire and founded a banking-house. He was a far-seeing man, who had believed in the possibility of steam-engines superseding stage coaches, when his friend M. Thiers did not. After Rothschild, he was the greatest shareholder in the Northern Railway. He took up 150,000,000 francs of M. Thiers's three milliard loan, but the profits he made on this transaction were devoted to repairing the disasters occasioned by the Prussian invasion. The Pope made him Duke of Galliera, and by that name he was known chiefly in Paris. In France the duke hid his munificence. In Italy he was openly and splendidly generous. His widow states that in his latter years he refused to be mixed up in railway and other speculations in his own country. He lost the keen interest which he took at an earlier period of his life in money-making. His main object in his closing years was to dispense his fortune nobly, and in a way that would be of permanent benefit to mankind. His splendid gifts to his native city led Victor Emmanuel two years ago to make him Duke of Lucedio. When the tale of his son's singular refusal to accept his wealth first became public it was said that the ascetic professor was only his adopted son. The duchess writes to contradict this statement. Philippe, the poor struggling tutor, is the only surviving child of her late husband. But she is silent about his renunciation of the incredibly vast fortune to which he is the legal and undisputed heir. Young Ferrari has stood certainly on an exceedingly high mountain. If he has not been shown a panorama of all the kingdoms of the earth, more wealth has been placed within his reach after he has known what it is to be ill-clad, to be wretchedly poor, to drudge painfully as an usher among noisy boys, than falls to the lot of most princes. But a perhaps over-delicate point of honor prevents him from entering into its possession. The duke at the end of his life took no enjoyment out of his money beyond what was derived from dispersing it in promoting the happiness of the Latin race. Professor Philippe, who is a citizen of the French Republic, will only exercise his heirship in seeing that the millions of the Ferraris are to be devoted to works of public utility.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Tyndall has accepted the office of President of the Midland Institute for 1877.

The Siberian Explorers, Brehm and Finsch, have arrived at St. Petersburg, after a most successful journey.

Arctic Ballooning.—Mr. Coxwell, writing to the London *Daily News* in reference to Arctic ballooning, maintains that the ordinary practice of ballooning would be quite unsuitable for the conditions found in the Arctic regions.

Death of an African Explorer.—The death is announced of an African missionary, Mr. Redman, who, by his explorations, had materially helped those who followed him, and who first suggested that there was a great system of lakes in Central Africa.

Archæological Frauds.—Colonel Whittlesey has examined some of the recent so-called prehistoric finds brought from different parts of the United States, and comes to the conclusion that most of them are extremely suspicious. So many frauds of this kind have recently been practiced, that naturalists cannot be too much on their guard.

Weather Reports.—The chief signal officer, in his annual report, states that during the last fiscal year over 88 per cent. of his "probabilities" of the weather were verified. He thinks that an average of 90 per cent. is attainable. Owing to lack of appropriations the receipt of signals from the West Indies has been suspended. There are one hundred and forty-five signal stations maintained in the United States.

Dynamite.—Dynamite is being successfully used in Scotland in clearing land of trees, stumps, and boulders. The boulders are pulverized by merely placing the dynamite on the top of the stone, covering it with wet sand and firing with a fuse in the ordinary way. Trees and stumps are torn up by the roots and split into kindling by placing a small cartridge of the explosive well into the side of the stump a little below the surface.

Danish Geographical Society.—A new geographical society has been founded in Denmark. The society proposes to organize lectures, and has invited Professor Nordenskiold to speak on the Kara Sea and Jenissei, and Professor Bergrran on New Zealand, where he staid during a number of years. The society will issue a geographical magazine. A geographical society has also been established in Belgium, with M. Leagie as president. It is founded on a comprehensive basis, and will be likely to do good work.

Boring for Coal in Switzerland.—The deep boring at Rheinfelden, on the Swiss side of the Rhine, has been interrupted at a depth of 1,422 feet, after having pierced 200 feet of granite and diorite, and without meeting with the coal-measures which were promised by the geologists. The boring was conducted by the process of cutting out of the rock a core by means of a diamond crown. The diameter of the bore-hole was four and a half inches, being the longest hitherto undertaken. On a more or less coarse sandstone the boring advanced at an average rate of forty-nine feet in twelve hours, and proved altogether most successful. A complete collection of the cylindrical cores cut out in sinking the drill is now deposited in the museum of Aarau.

Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.—All bituminous coals are very liable to undergo spontaneous combustion, especially when moisture is present. This is partially guarded against by storing them under cover. Besides the danger of fire, the coals deteriorate ten to fifteen degrees by exposure. Many varieties of bituminous coals contain so much sulphur in the form of iron pyrites as to necessitate the precaution of moving the heaps when they have attained a certain temperature. Coal is said to be safe until it reaches 200 degs. Fahr. Gas companies place gas-pipes with perforations every few inches in the heaps, at a distance of ten to fifteen feet apart, and by observing the thermometer a daily record is made of the rise of the temperature, and in this way danger is anticipated and avoided.

Aubel's Photo-printing Process.—The process invented by Aubel in Cologne, by which photographs can in a few hours be converted into an etched plate suitable for the printing-press, and which was kept a secret for a long time, has now been published, and is as follows: A photographic negative in silver is taken on a thick glass plate, and the coating of silver is increased by galvanoplastic deposition; an operation requiring two hours. The plate is then exposed to the action of the fumes of hydro-fluoric acid. These vapors attack the glass in places not covered by silver, and the picture is etched in ready for printing. The proofs cannot give deep tones on shading, but is only applicable to lines and plane surfaces. It is said to be more rapid than the celebrated method of Albert.

Native Bismuth Found in Connecticut.—Bismuth is one of the metals that occur native in a few localities in the world—it is generally combined with sulphur, and is also sometimes associated with tellurium and zinc. Not much of it has thus far been found in the United States, but we understand that a deposit of the metal in its native state has been discovered near Monroe, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in veins of quartz rock, intercalated between walls of gneiss. One of these veins has been traced for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. It is from ten to fifteen feet wide, and holds probably from fifteen to twenty pounds of the metal to the ton. As the specific gravity of bismuth is 9.83, while that of quartz is only 2.66, the bismuth can readily be extracted by suitable separating machinery ready for smelting.

The Martin Steel Process.—The Siemens-Martin steel process is gradually coming into use in this country, and is well-known in Europe, and especially in Great Britain where it was invented. In this process several tons of cast iron are melted on the "hearth" of a reverberatory furnace, and the carbon removed partly by the oxidizing action of the flame and partly by dilution with scrap or other wrought iron. Samples are taken out now and then, and the metal is tapped off into ingots when inspection shows the proper grade to have been obtained. This process has been exceptionally valuable in working up scrap metal, both steel and iron and has usually also produced "low" steel. It is not yet settled whether the Bessemer, Martin, or crucible process will be employed for the manufacture of the steel for the Brooklyn bridge.

To Color Oils and Varnish with Aniline Pigments.—It has hitherto been found difficult to color oils, varnish and lac with aniline pigments for want of simple solvents for all of the constituents. This obstacle has been overcome by Dr. Jacobsen, who prepares fatty acid compounds of the aniline colors; these he dissolves in a solvent which also acts upon oils, varnish, and lac. As proper solvents he recommends aniline oil, fusel oil, alcohol, carbolic acid, nitro-benzole, etc. By employing a mutual solvent, the aniline color and the oil or varnish can be intimately mixed. There may be occasions when the use of aniline dyes with oil or varnish would be desirable, but as the colors fade out in the light, their employment must be for temporary purposes. The colors are so brilliant that the temptation to use them on all occasions is very great.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS MARY ADAMS, daughter of Charles Francis Adams, is soon to marry Dr. Henry P. Quincy.

THE French Academy of Medicine has awarded to Dr. Squire, of Elmira, N. Y., the Prize of Encouragement.

COLONEL ALRICK HUBBELL, aged seventy-six, ex-State Senator and Mayor of Utica for several terms, died suddenly of apoplexy on the 17th.

LUCIEN N. BONAPARTE WYSE is in command of the International Expedition to survey the proposed canal route across the Isthmus of Darien.

MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, daughter of the poet, is engaged to marry Mr. Richard H. Dana, son of the Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr.

MR. SANKEY, the evangelist, has a son Harry, who, though only about twelve years old, is engaged in evangelical work in Chicago, among boys—work said to be "very successful."

MRS. GEN. SHERMAN is at present engaged in a movement to collect money in this country to be presented to the Pope on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance to the priesthood.

WILLIAM A. HOUGHTON, a Yale graduate of '73, sails this month for a three years' residence in Japan, where he is to serve as Professor of Literature in the University of Yeddo, at an annual salary of $3,600.

"EXTRA BILLY" SMITH, Virginia's war Governor, and a celebrated ante-war politician, is now a member of the Virginia Legislature. Although seventy-six years of age, he is as robust in general health and vigorous in mind as he was twenty years ago.

DR. S. W. WILLIAMS, the American missionary in China, who has just left that country after a residence of forty years, has probably made himself more agreeable to the Chinese than any other foreigner. They express immense respect and regard for him.

MR. TRINIDAD ROMERO is the delegate recently elected to Congress from the Territory of New Mexico. He is a native, speaking English, and a merchant, contractor, and sheep-owner, who, though still young, has made a fortune, with the help of his brother, from a nest-egg of only $1,000.

IN the private study of the Emperor of Germany there is a calendar which he consults every morning, containing, under dates, brief notes on important events in his life that occurred on the same day of the year. There is also for each day a text from the Bible and a motto selected from the works of his favorite poets.

THE Rev. E. E. Hale, Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Ole Bull, Nathan Appleton, and other citizens of Boston, are engaged in a movement for the erection of a monument "commemorative of the discovery of this Continent by the Norsemen, and for the preservation of the Dighton Rock in the Taunton River."

EARL DUFFERIN opened the rink of the Toronto Curling and Skating Club recently and entered enthusiastically into the first game at curling. The Governor was presented with a pair of well-finished curling-stones and a silver-mounted besom. Lady Dufferin received a pair of gold and silver-plated skates, with which she opened the skating section of the rink.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, of this city, is having a royal time among his many friends in Jacksonville, Fla. Some pleasing entertainments have been given on his splendid yacht *Atlanta*, anchored in front of the gay and festive Winter resort, Jacksonville. What with these entertainments and the love of Florida that carries him to spend his Winter there, Mr. Astor is investing quite a slice of his large fortune in that State.

HON. JAMES E. BAILEY, Democrat, who has been elected United States Senator from Tennessee, to fill the term ending in 1881, served in the Legislature from 1852 to 1859. He was appointed by the Governor to sit on the Court of Arbitration in 1874. Comparatively speaking, he has no political record; he is a man of broad, liberal views, and his whole life has been one of conservatism.

GENERAL BUTLER and Judge Hoar met as opposing counsel in an action for damages for loss of life brought before the Massachusetts Supreme Court on exceptions last week. Butler cited from Job, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life"; when Judge Hoar remarked that that was a plea of the devil in a motion for a new trial, and he didn't think that the Court would be more impressed by it because of its modern indorsement.

THE Emperor of Austria has conferred the Third Class of the Order of the Iron Crown upon the Arctic explorer, Lieutenant Payer, in recognition of his services to the cause of geographical research. The distinction confers upon the recipient the title of knighthood and the right of selecting a coat-of-arms. Herr Payer has selected the following device: In a field, azure; a Polar sea, proper, showing in the background some floating icebergs and a Polar bear in front. The motto chosen is, "*Per aspera ad astra.*"

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN thus describes himself in his own paper: "I receive no callers, talk with no adults, make no speeches, visit no theatres, concerts, lyceums, or churches; enter no hotels, restaurants, courts, or public places; see no interviewers, attend no dinners, balls, or private parties; make no calls, give no Christmas presents, make no charitable donations, attend no weddings or festivals; shake no hands, belong to no club, society or party; court no sympathy, ask no favors, need no money, desire no friendship, seek no office; have no wish, possess no aspirations."

THE "Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire," edited by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, is an established authority on all matters relating to the births, marriages, and deaths of titled personages in Great Britain. The information which it conveys is brought down to the latest date, and is considered in every respect trustworthy. Yet the volume for 1877, just published, contains no notice of the marriage of George Victor Drogo Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, eldest son and heir-apparent of the Duke of Manchester, with Consuelo, daughter of Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of New York, which took place in this city last Spring. An oversight like this in so accurate a work as Burke's Peerage needs to be explained.

THE eccentric young King of Bavaria has, like other mortals, had his little love affair. The lady was his cousin, the Princess Sophie, and the first cause of attraction was her cleverness as an amateur singer and actress. During their betrothal she frequently sang *Elsa* in costume to the King's *Lohengrin*, and the day was bright and happy. But the Princess was extravagantly fond of dried fruit, which the King abominates as he does politics. He begged her to cease eating such food. She refused. The "fairy Prince" threw her marble bust out of the window, broke some furniture, and then, rushing to his favorite castle of Berg, he wrote to his uncle, Duke Maximilian, to come and take his daughter home, as he released her from the engagement, and the day was dark and dreary. The Princess has since married the Duke d'Alencon, a grandson of Louis Philippe.





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1. Waiting. 2. Butchers Tasting the Soup. 3. The Cook at Work. 4. A Benevolent Fruit-woman. 5. Interior of the Soup-house.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE WINTER AND THE POOR—A CHARITABLE BUTCHER'S SOUP-HOUSE IN FULTON MARKET.

THE INAUGURATION OF DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION IN LOUISIANA.

FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS and ex-Mayor Wiltz, of New Orleans, were peaceably inaugurated Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, respectively, at noon on Monday, January 8th. The ceremony was similar to that attending the investiture of General Wade Hampton with executive functions in South Carolina, being held in the open air, and possessing the elements of a popular demonstration. The signal for the assemblage of the multitude was the discharge of a cannon in front of the City Hall. Within a half-hour the entire space of Lafayette Square became a dense mass of people, and as the crowds continued to arrive, they filled Camp and other adjoining streets until there were nearly 40,000 men in the neighborhood. While this vast audience was thus gathering, the 4,300 seats in St. Patrick's Hall, that had been provided for ladies, were speedily filled, and between 2,000 and 3,000 ladies found standing-room in the aisles and galleries and on the balcony of the building which fronts on the square. Messrs. Nicholls and Wiltz reached the Hall at one o'clock. The horses were unhitched, and the carriages drawn by the multitude through the crowd to the steps. Accompanied by the State officers, Governor-elect Nicholls went out on the balcony, their appearance being the signal for the loudest demonstrations of satisfaction. When the cheering had partially died away, Judge Saucier approached, and administered the oath to Mr. Nicholls, the Rev. B. M. Palmer D.D., offered a prayer, and the new Governor delivered a brief, even-tempered and deliberate address. The enunciation of his principles was followed by another outburst of enthusiasm, which for a time was beyond restraint. Upon the restoration of quietude, the other State officers were sworn in, and Father Allen pronounced the benediction.

While this popular ceremony was in progress, Mr. Packard was hurriedly inaugurated as the Republican Governor by Chief Justice Ludeling in the State House, just as Mr. Chamberlain had been in South Carolina, under armed protection. On the following day, as detailed in our last issue, the Democratic Administration gained possession of all the public buildings except the State House, without the loss of a life or the firing of a shot.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE ON LONG ISLAND.

THE snow-storm which followed so closely the advent of the New Year was one of the heaviest that has been known for a generation at least. The road of the Long Island Railway, east of Riverhead, was entirely blocked for nearly a week, during which time there were six engines and about one hundred men constantly at work clearing the track. Our sketch illustrates the method of this labor, and shows the effect of a force of four locomotives plowing their way in the vicinity of Peconic. As the snow drifted in behind them it was impossible to go back. This retarded the work very greatly, water for the boilers having to be carried in buckets from the nearest dwellings. During this Winter similar scenes have been unusually common to most of the roads in the eastern section of the country; and it is noticeable that, as yet, there has not been any serious blockade in the Far West, where interruptions of travel during the Winter months are daily expected.



FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS, THE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA, INAUGURATED JANUARY 8TH.

METROPOLITAN CHARITIES.

A BUTCHER'S SOUP-HOUSE IN FULTON MARKET.

CHARITY is beautiful at all times, whether it begins at home or in the Sandwich Islands. It is particularly prepossessing in this cruel Winter, when to the severity of nature is added the stagnation of business. In a large city like New York there must necessarily be in times like these a crystallization of misery, as it were; a kaleidoscopic condensation of it, which might well deter the philosopher of optimism. To alleviate that misery is the problem presented to every man whose brain pulsates with the blood of philanthropy. Having the miracle of the loaves and fishes as a guide, one cannot do better than begin by feeding the hungry, and although the establishment of soup-houses and kindred institutions of physical comfort has often been denounced as an incentive to pauper indolence, the indisputable fact remains that he who gives the worthy poor a chance for a meal makes no mistake, however much his charity may be abused. It has been the privilege of an artist and writer connected with this paper to witness the distribution of soup and bread at the Fulton Market by a gentleman whose noble nature is only equaled by his modesty. We refer to the free kitchen in the basement at the northwest corner of the market, started by a kind-hearted wholesale butcher, whom we will call McCormick, and aided and abetted by every warm-hearted dealer in the place. The commendable institution has been in existence about three weeks. What was seen will be found graphically set forth in the pictures.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

It was a snowy day of last week, a swirling, eddying day, and just the day, in fact, when a man would appreciate a good dinner at home—a dinner served in a cozy room, where the flame-shadows of the cheerful grate-fire danced merrily on the walls. Outside the door of the basement of the Fulton Market Free Kitchen were massed, in a ragged, eager, hungry line, the clamorous applicants for soup. They were not disorderly, they did not hustle each other, and yet, beneath all their reserve, which was materially propagated by the presence of a policeman, could be detected the communistic fierceness which comes of hunger. Big men there were, and, sandwiched among them, little children. At intervals in the line could be seen a tiny girl with a kettle, and a prospective desire in her blue eyes to take some nourishment home to a sick mother or sister. Long before the appointed hour for opening the basement these people had gathered, and as the moments passed and the snowflakes touched them with their chill benison, the line increased in size, straggling around the corner of Beekman Street, and presenting the grim panorama of hungry faces staring into the kitchen through the glass door on the west side of the market. The waiting ones passed their time in chaffing each other and in commenting upon the quality of the soup within, whose savory recommendation stole out upon the wintry air, and occasionally incited the queue to the very verge of a struggle.

SAMPLING THE SOUP.

If anything was needed to complete the pleasurable agony of the crowd, it was the spectacle of some well-fed, comfortable-looking, blue-smocked butcher, tasting the soup at the request of the philanthropic progenitor of the charity. At such a time there would go up a humorous moan from the expectant ones, which would cause the sampler to pause, spoon-in-hand, and gaze curiously upon the throng in the stormy street outside. We were also accorded the honor of tasting the soup—it was fish chowder on the occasion of our visit—and we can bear witness to its palatable wholesomeness. "It's made out of first-class haddock and cod," said our informant, "and you can't get any better soup at Delmonico's, even if there is more style about it there." Beyond a doubt, the soup was very good, and one was strangely tempted to empty the bowl. It could not be done, however, in the face of the noisy *misérables* who stamped on the snowy pave outside, and shaded their eager eyes with their far from clean hands, in order to



NEW YORK.—THE JANUARY SNOW BLOCKADE—A SNOW-PLOW ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD ENDEAVORING TO CLEAR THE TRACK.

peer into the cellar. Right here, it may be well to say that the kitchen is simply a long and narrow room, with a table running in an L about it, and behind that table a corresponding shelf, on which were piled tempting heaps of bread-and-butter. The thirty-gallon kettle containing the soup was in one corner near a glittering heap of quart mugs. On the Beekman Street side was a bench against the wall, and in red letters on the beam above, ran the kindly words, "Seats reserved for ladies."

STIRRING TIMES.

Tasting the soup was bad enough, but when the sable attendant lazily inserted a dipper and stirred the delicious compound in a reckless way, it was almost more than the famished holders of tickets could bear. From one end of the line to the other ran a hungry howl, which accelerated the footsteps of *gamins* a block away. This same attendant seemed to take an Iago delight in his tantalizing occupation. He would softly lift a dipper full of soup to a proper altitude, and let it slowly and softly fall into the streaming receptacle, taking care that the prime bits of the fish and the succulent vegetables should be well displayed in the operation. It was kindness, however, for it was simply a dramatic action, which added to the zest of the appetites that were soon to be appeased. "We are simply waiting for Nichols, our market policeman," said Mr. McCormick. "If you write anything about this, mention Nichols. He's a noble fellow, who gives his off-time to superintend the crowd when the doors are open. These gentlemen," pointing to the ruddy-faced, good-natured individuals in the smock-frocks, "give bits of meat and fish, and other trifles. Mr. Mott gave us the kettle. We manage to feed about four hundred daily, and hope to be able to do it right straight along. Ah! here's Nichols now."

THE MOTHER OF THE MARKET.

As soon as the officer arrived the doors were opened, and the sea of squalor flowed in and surged up against the counter. Not all at once, because Nichols's quick eye and strong arm combined to fish out the little ones and give them the first chance. So it happened that almost in an instant the place was filled with diminutive specimens of hunger, whose voracious descent upon the quart mugs made one feel like crying and laughing at once. The one who kept them in order, who moved among them with mock reprimands and genuine kindness, was a matronly market-woman, whose corpulent body is none too large to contain the soul which she evidently possesses. We shall never forget the tender solicitude she displayed in watching two little girls who were consuming their soup and bread with a hungry precipitation, tempered with a feminine reserve.

THE HEAT OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

There was no reserve upon the part of the boys who swarmed into the place. They attacked their soup as Napoleon might have attacked a redoubt, and were not a bit backward in saying. "Another piece of bread, mister, please." They represented every variety of homeless boy, from the young gentleman with a piece of cord for a suspender to the stylish bootblack with his box upon his back. One of our pictures illustrates the scene when the battle was at its height, and the soup, heated as it was, was getting the worst of it. Every motion signified the most intense action, and as the spoons were plied, the steam rose above the row of heads and floated out into the street, to drive the "second table" to madness. While they were in the ecstasy of their enjoyment we left them, preserving a picture of momentary happiness which time can never dull.

FUN.

A CORONER'S jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered the verdict that he "died of hard drink."

THERE is no position in this life more unhealthy than that of being the "oldest Freemason." He is dying pretty much all the time, of late.

"DID you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply,

A BROOKLYN girl was asked by a very thin gentleman if she didn't think she could learn to love him. "I might if you was stuffed," was the laughing reply.

TWO acquaintances meeting on a wet day, one greeted the other with: "Beautiful rain, this! Fetching things out of the ground." *Second Friend* (disconsolately): "Hope not, sir; hope not. Got two wives there, sir."

EVERY time there comes a heavy snow storm the charitable man, before leaving the breakfast table, tells the servant-girl to save the bottom buckwheat cake and divide it among the poor. In this region the poor are not very fat.

AFTER an Arctic lover has sat up with his girl three or four hundred hours, it is no uncommon thing for the young lady's papa to come floundering in from another snow-hut and ask the pleasure of the young man's company to breakfast.

A MEMBER of a club objected to the publication of the list of the meeting nights of the club, because," he said, "if it's published, we married men will have to account for the off-nights." The motion to publish was lost.

A COUNTRYMAN bargained with a California photographer for a half-length picture of himself at half-price, and when the artist delivered a fine view of the subject from the waistband down, the victimized sitter indulged in remarks more forcible than polite.

THE bored of managers—Editors. Shaky business—Playing with dice. Have an "I" to your toilet or 't will be to let. A chowder head—The head of a codfish. A girl of pluck—The one who picks posies. When is a friend bound to "stick"?—When he carries a cane.

ENGLAND'S national air, "God Save the Queen," will have to be elaborated in order to include the added honors of the sovereign. Now it must read: "God save Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, and of the Colonies and dependencies thereof, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith." It will henceforth be rendered as a recitative.

Two young attorneys were wrangling for a long time before Judge Knox, of Virginia, over a point of law. His Honor rendered his decision, and the sprig who had lost imprudently remarked: "Your Honor, there's a growing opinion that all the fools are not dead yet." "Certainly," answered the Court, with an unruffled good-humor; "I quite agree with you, Mr. Blank, and congratulate you upon your healthy appearance."

SHE had succeeded in marrying her son, and naturally undertook the management of his household. Presently the son died, but she continued to advise, direct and worry generally her daughter-in-law. Then the daughter-in-law married again, but still the old lady insisted on bossing things. A friend essayed to convince her that she could have no possible right to inter[fere]—that the new husband was nothing to her. [Nothing?" she cried; "he] nothing to me? W[ell] not his stepmother-in-law on his wife's s[ide]

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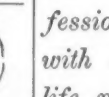


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